

Somewhere Near The War

BY

EDGAR B. PIPER

Editor The Oregonian

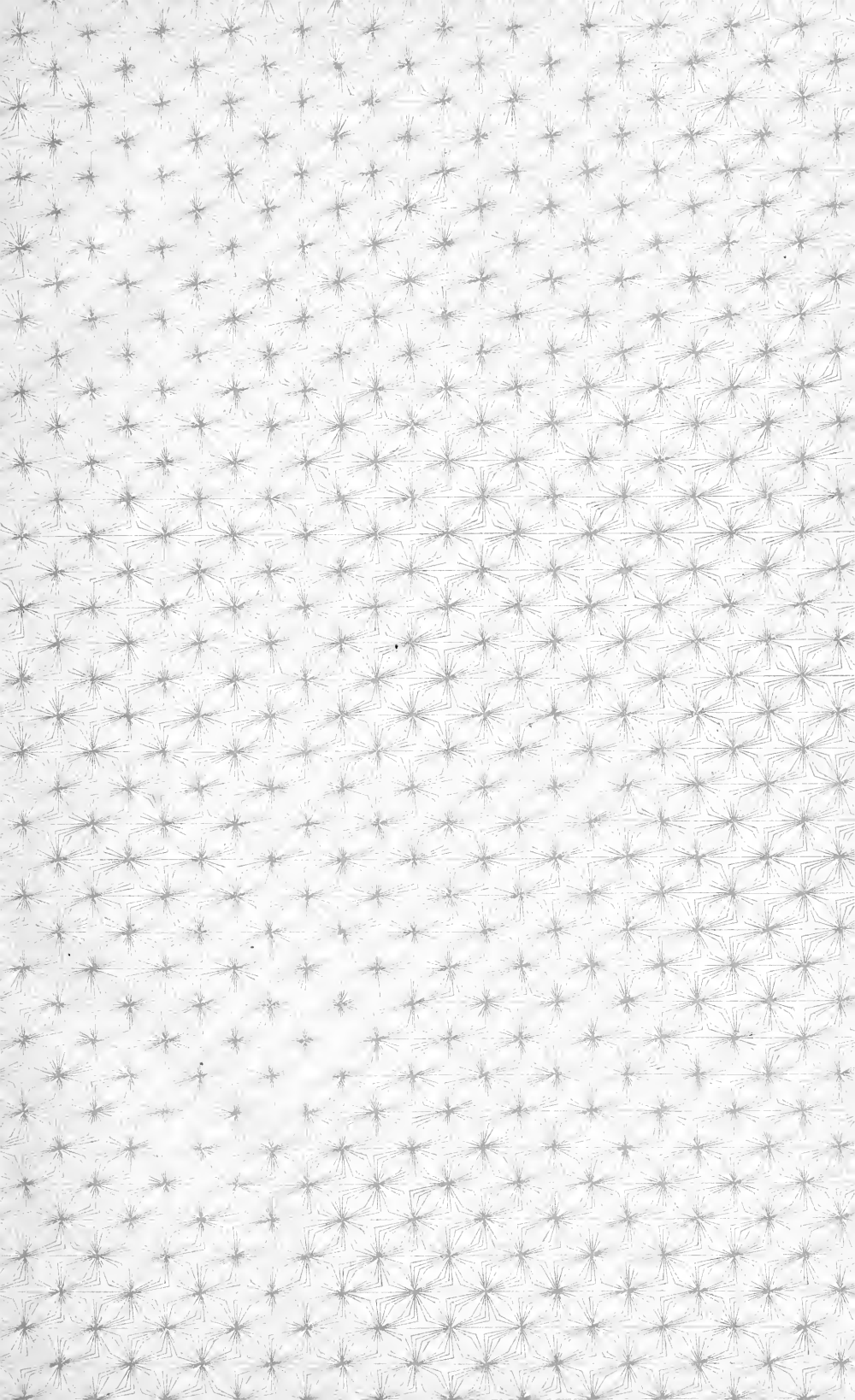


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SOMEWHERE NEAR THE WAR

BEING AN AUTHENTIC AND MORE OR LESS DIVERTING
CHRONICLE OF THE PILGRIMAGE OF TWELVE AMERICAN
JOURNALISTS TO THE WAR ZONE, WITH SOME
ACCOUNT OF THEIR ADVENTURES THERE
AND THEREABOUTS.

BY
EDGAR B. PIPER
Editor THE OREGONIAN.



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W. L.

INTRODUCTORY.

The British government, through its Ministry of Information, last September (1918) extended to a number of American newspaper editors and publishers an invitation to come to Great Britain, Ireland and France and see the war at the front and the war organization at home, and to meet British and French statesmen, journalists, soldiers and citizens. The purpose was frankly to give the American people, through the eyes of representative newspaper men, an understanding of the vast completeness of the British effort in the war for a cause to which America was committed as well as Great Britain. It was suggested also that there would be full opportunity to meet the French and to inspect the French war units and war industries, and to visit the American front. The invitation was accepted by the following:

EDWARD W. BARRETT, Age-Herald, Birmingham, Ala.
E. H. BUTLER, Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.
FRANKLIN P. GLASS, News, Birmingham, Ala.
HERSCHEL V. JONES, Journal, Minneapolis, Minn.
F. R. KENT, Sun, Baltimore, Md.
A. M. McKAY, Tribune, Salt Lake, Utah.
E. H. O'HARA, Herald, Syracuse, N. Y.
W. A. PATTERSON, Western Newspaper Union, Chicago, Ill.
EDGAR B. PIPER, Oregonian, Portland, Or.
E. L. RAY, Globe-Democrat, St. Louis, Mo.
C. A. ROOK, Dispatch, Pittsburg, Pa.
LAFAYETTE YOUNG, JR., Capital, Des Moines, Ia.

The party assembled in New York on September 23, 1918, and sailed on the troopship Orontes September 24, in company with about 75 other passengers and 1800 American

soldiers. There were 12 vessels in the convoy, among them the ill-fated Otranto, which sank off the Irish coast, with the loss of 500 or more, most of them American soldiers. The landing was at Liverpool October 7, 1918. The party in turn visited London and several other cities and towns of England and Scotland, and the British, French and American war fronts, and then Ireland.

The editors participated in many public functions, met many public men, saw great sights, gained new impressions and had altogether an interesting and remarkable experience. They were in Europe nearly two months.

Acknowledgment should be made of the courtesy of the British Ministry of Information, and of the hospitality of the British and French governments and peoples. Arrangements for the reception of the visiting journalists were thorough, not to say elaborate. If any editor had an impression that he would have the status of a stranger or wayfarer, he was soon convinced that the greatest aspiration of the British and French alike is to establish a relationship of mutual fellowship and good-will with America, through better understandings between all of them and all of us. It is frequently said that Great Britain has just discovered America. It may with equal truth be said also that America has on its part just discovered France and has begun to know Great Britain.

It may or may not be pertinent to add that the subscriber has no notions about an alliance with Great Britain, France or any foreign country, certainly none with Great Britain, not shared in common with all powers of the first rank. The American horizon is broadening and America is beginning to see that it has new duties toward the world. They consist mainly in helping the world to reach the American standards of duty and loyalty, citizenship and service.

It is a good thing for any American citizen to go abroad, at least once in his lifetime. It is likely to make a better American of him; and we cannot have too many good Americans, both for America's benefit and the world's. I do not at all mean to make depreciative comparisons. I mean that the value of citizenship in the free democracy of America has not been enough appreciated by Americans.

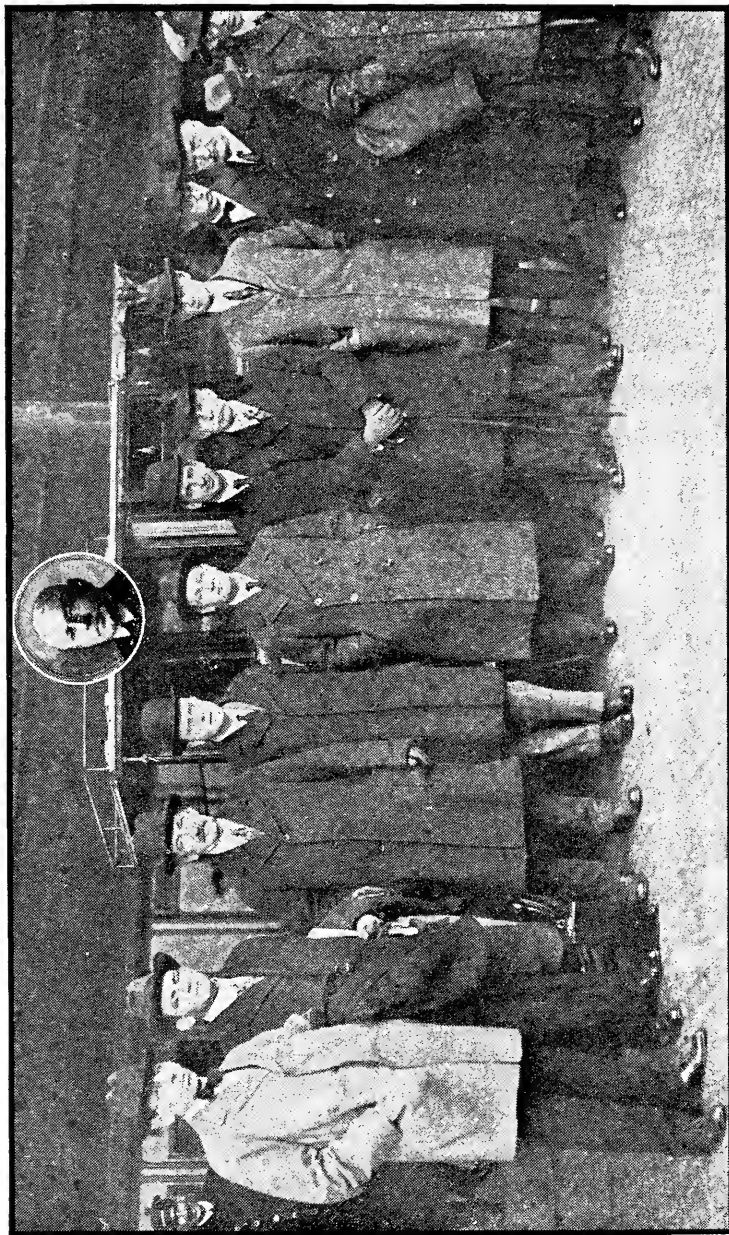
The war has served America well in bringing home to every man and woman in the United States a sound sense of his responsibility to his country and to humanity, and a very lively apprehension of his stake in the contest of arms. Through this war we have lost some thousands of precious lives and the old provincialism; and have gained a new respect for ourselves, a new understanding of our obligation to others, and, it may be hoped, a new satisfaction in our American inheritance of a republic.

A series of letters from me appeared under my signature in *The Oregonian*, and many friends have been kind enough to suggest that they be compiled and printed in book form. The design of the present volume is to comply with what seems to be a public demand. There is no material change from the original form of the letters. They are herewith re-committed to the consideration of the great circle of Oregonian readers and to any others who perchance may encounter them in a search for an hour or two of entertainment and instruction.

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PARTY OF AMERICAN JOURNALISTS AT EUSTON RAILROAD STATION, LONDON, ENGLAND. STANDING—CHARLES A. ROOK, E. W. BARRETT, EDGAR B. PIPER, E. LANSING RAY, E. H. BUTLER, LAFAYETTE YOUNG JR., FRANKLIN P. GLASS, E. H. O'HARA, W. A. PATTERSON, A. M. MCKAY, F. L. KENT—INSET, H. V. JONES.



SOMEWHERE NEAR THE WAR

FIRST LETTER.

BOUND FOR THE WAR.

THE twelve editors commissioned by the British government, through its Ministry of Information, to visit England, the battle front and the grand fleet and to report their adventures in their own way, subject, of course, to "military exigencies," are on the high seas.

Doubtless all military exigencies are to be defined and determined by the censor, which is well enough. That mysterious and worried functionary may in his wisdom see fit to prevent for a time an instant report of war activities and conditions by the dozen chroniclers, but they will be home in due time, if the submarines do not get them.

The present reporter, for example, is quite unable to read the censor's mind and does not know how much he may tell about the journey across the Atlantic. He may add that at the moment the sea is running in a heavy swell, and, while he is able to dismiss all U-boats from present consideration, the frequent intrusion of the inquisitive waves at an adjacent window serves to distract a landsman's thought from all else than his physical surroundings.

The departure from American shores was an inspiring and wonderful spectacle. Our ship was apparently the last to join the convoy, which had waited for us at a designated rendezvous. We left at midday under a shining sky, after a dreary stay at our pier.

The leave-taking was sudden, for almost before we realized it we were on our way. All we knew or could know was that we were at last outward bound, headed for the war zone and its dangers, real and imaginary, and that

we were to be one of a company of many transports; but when or where or how we were to join them was purposely left in the dark. This feature of the going made it, perhaps, all the more interesting; certainly it contributed vastly to the stores of rumor, speculation, gossip and outright misinformation which had been accumulating during our enforced and rather tedious wait.

When there is nothing for men to do but gossip they prove that women have no monopoly of that pleasing pastime. Everybody has a theory and he expresses it and defends it. It is founded on rumor always, and the diligence and genius with which one devises or discovers rumor is the measure of his usefulness on such occasions. It is great entertainment. Indeed, it is the only entertainment for imprisoned and restless passengers. The man or woman who invented the art of rumor-mongering was, after all, a public benefactor. It's the life, and has been, and will be for days and days to come, if we don't weaken.

A few moments ago, for illustration, we heard that Bulgaria had capitulated. Nobody knows where it came from; but here it is, a winged messenger of gratifying report from the encircling air. If it came by wireless, it may be true; but if there is any such agency of communication with the outside universe, nobody of the common herd has seen it. The event may prove that rumor can be authentic. If so, it will be the first in our experience for long, long days.*

We celebrate today the first centenary of our existence, a whole week, on this ship. The first hundred years they say are the longest. But to get back to our departure:

We came on the waiting squadron with great unexpectedness. Here and there we had encountered an incoming vessel, among them a great Norwegian liner, duly decorated with the semblance on her broad sides of her national flag and with her name in huge letters. There is still a fiction that the Germans will not sink a neutral vessel if they know it is neutral. They sink it, however, and then apologize for it, perhaps. A long way ahead a dark object floated in the sky above the moving waters. Beneath were the tiny

*The rumor was correct. It came, doubtless, from the flagship, the ill-fated Otranto, which was the only vessel in the squadron privileged to have communication by wireless, or otherwise, with the outside world.

masts of a smart yacht which seemed somehow to be the consort of the thing above.

As the distance decreased and the mists cleared, it was seen that the great cigar-like object was an observation balloon, floating above its anchoring vessel, the wary sentinel of a mighty congregation of transports and war-ships. The companion ships were already under way, with their living freight of troops consigned to our allies. Doubtless our arrival had been accurately timed, for there was no sort of delay.

We had been assigned to a station near the head, for we sped rapidly forward, past the whole noble concourse, and saw at the start the magnificent proportions of the vast picture. A battleship with her suggestive fighting masts, advertising her nationality as American, and colored with the characteristic vesture of grim war-gray, fell in behind us. There was a whirr in the air, and a huge seaplane sped by, the flying eyes of a nation at war, seeking for possible enemies under the waters. The rapid flight of the great airbird was novel and startling. It visited first one ship and then another, covering in a speedy and comprehensive inspection every unit of the advancing squadron. Over and over it came and went, rising and descending, swooping this way and swerving that, always the alert and trustworthy patrol of the moving armada beneath.

Off in the depths of the horizon appeared, slowly, then swiftly, another seaplane, and the pair of them joined in watchman service for the wondering thousands in the ships below. Far to the front was a great white apparition, just above the level of the waters, fitting in strangely with the tremendous scene. Slowly it went to the right and left, ever maintaining a fixed remoteness. It was an airship, pioneering the course and doing its work of observation and warning with other pilots and guardians of the sky.

A camouflaged cruiser was in the van, and there were torpedo-boats and coast patrols, just how many, or what their particular service, may not be said. The beauty of the spectacle was only an incident; there was no plan, of course, to furnish any mere display for the edification of the travelers or for the behoof of enemies. It was powerful

protection, the fruit of preparedness, the reassuring exhibition and demonstration of the fitness of America to safeguard its own, the overwhelming evidence of its stern and efficient purpose to do its full part in the war.

If one witness of the impressive sight gains nothing else from his journey to Europe, however precarious it may prove to be, he will have been repaid by his opportunity to see this amazing panorama. So long as life lasts its memory will not fade.

Something has been said about rumors and their uses. Our first experience with rumor was enjoyed before we had cast off lines from the pier. It was the Spanish influenza. The Eastern papers had been full of its ravages. Everywhere throughout the New England and Atlantic States it had seized and claimed its victims. Someone discovered that it had appeared on our ship. The crew was said to be deserting on its account. The incoming soldiers had suffered from its visitations, and many of them had already been taken off and sent to a hospital. The ship's doctor was reported to have been worked to exhaustion. Nobody had seen the captain and it was at once surmised that he, too, was in the deadly grip of the monster.

The editors were naturally apprehensive and they concluded that they should do something about it. They had no personal fear of the influenza, of course, but it was their public duty to ascertain the facts and acquaint the authorities. Besides, there was the risk of a long quarantine, either here or abroad, or both, and they didn't care to take any unnecessary chances. A committee was appointed to interview the ship's officers, and its members set out on their quest. They did not at once find the captain or chief officer, who were busy making preparations for the voyage, but they ran across a loquacious steward who had abundant information on the subject and all other subjects. He confirmed their worst fears. The influenza was, he declared, all it was reported to be, and worse.

The ship should not be permitted to sail, with conditions so deplorable, for the danger of contagion and death to all on board was beyond measure. This was sufficient. It was time to do something drastic and heroic. We were penned

in, all right, in a floating coffin, but we were free Americans and no Briton—yes, it is a British vessel, with British officers and British crew—should prevent us from asserting the great American prerogative of raising a row.

An officer was persuaded to take a spokesman ashore, and he telephoned to Sir Geoffrey Butler, the affable New York head of the British Bureau of Information, to come at once. We had something to say to him. Mr. Butler came in all the splendor of a new silk hat. We told him all about it and asked for sympathy and action. We got both. He assured us that our plight would be all we fancied it was, if the situation was as we described it; but the steward was just a common liar. He had been indulging in the great sport, practiced by every seasoned sailor on every apprehensive passenger, of "stringing him." The vessel had been duly inspected by the United States authorities, by the British authorities and by the port authorities as well, and had been regularly passed. True, there had been discovered a few cases of influenza, but the influenza was everywhere, and it was not surprising that some cases should be found among many hundred soldiers and civilians. They were being, and would be, duly cared for. What was there to worry about?*

The discomfited editors, persuaded that everything was all right, retired to the shop to await circulation of the next rumor. Our last view of the smiling Geoffrey was of a bland and easy-mannered British gentleman gracefully waving his high hat at us as he passed out of view at the entrance of the pier. The influenza being satisfactorily disposed of, we next devoted ourselves to the latest news of the ubiquitous submarines. But of the submarines—more anon.

ABOARD SHIP EN ROUTE TO ENGLAND, SEPTEMBER 30, 1918.

*The rumors, it developed later, were well founded. Many of the crew had been taken from the ship, suffering from influenza. The influenza appeared among the soldiers after three or four days at sea, and, before the voyage was ended, there were 400 cases and 27 deaths. There was a single military doctor, and the supplies of drugs and medicines were entirely inadequate. There was scandalous mismanagement and inefficiency in the embarkation service, not only on this particular vessel, but on others of the squadron, and other squadrons, where conditions were as bad or worse. I learned from the commander of an American rest camp in England that of the 5700 soldiers who arrived about October 1 on the steamship Olympic, 300 died of pneumonia resulting from influenza. When the whole painful story of disease and death among our troops at sea is told, I think we shall have small confidence in the boasted efficiency of at least one department of the War Department—embarkation service. The facts, so far as I learned them, were not told in my letters at the time because of the censorship.

SECOND LETTER.

ALL ALONE WITH THE DEADLY SUBMARINE.

WE HAVE seen no submarines, though we have not for a moment doubted the Kaiser's fell purpose to intercept and destroy us, if he gets the chance. There isn't a great deal of chance, indeed, surrounded as we are by lively destroyers and more than one efficient warship. The constant presence of these mighty policemen of the sea should be reassuring, and it is, in a measure. Logically, the U-boats can't get at us, but the Germans are an obstinately illogical lot of barbarians. Thousands of ships have gone across the Atlantic under the vigilant protection of American and British warships, carrying a multitude of American soldiers, actual and potential, and the losses have been almost negligible. But we have a notion that what the German high command has really been waiting for, and conserving all its forces to do, is to make one tremendous effort to sink a ship containing twelve warlike editors, bound for the battlefield to learn and tell the whole truth about the war. We are fortified in that unpleasant conclusion by the testimony of practically all other persons aboard, excluding the soldiers, who are too busy trying to be comfortable to concern themselves about such trifles as marauding U-boats. The ship's officers, too, seem singularly reticent and unworried. But there are some seventy-five passengers, and quite a fraction of them are old travelers who have many times braved the dangers of the ocean, and have each to tell about personal encounters with submarines. None of them have been hit, or sunk, or killed, but they have vivid recollections of their experiences, and are easily persuaded to tell about them.

A horse-trader who has crossed the Atlantic eight times since the war began was on a fast liner coming from England last May, and a submarine got in their way and fired thirty-

six shots at them. The cruiser responded with forty-four shots. No casualties; much fright.

An English merchant was in a fleet which was chased by one of the terrors, evidently awaiting its opportunity to catch some vessel napping—the favorite strategy of the Hun captains—and an airship hove in sight from out of the convenient air, and dropped a depth bomb on her; and that was the finish of her—the undersea boat. Later he heard—emphasis on the “heard”—that one of the convoy which had left them, bound for India, was intercepted by three of the monsters, and sunk.

A Canadian manufacturer was a passenger on a ship which was literally on top of a U-boat before anybody saw her. Her captain tried to run her down, and failed. The German maneuvered to get into position to fire, and meanwhile a depth bomb was dropped on her, and the last sign anybody saw of her was two legs of a German caught in the wreckage, kicking frantically and unavailingly at the sky as she went down.

An English fur buyer was in a convoy, and one of the largest ships was hit, but was kept afloat by great efforts for 22 hours; then a submarine—probably the same one that had done the first damage—appeared at her side, in the midst of the fleet, and drove a torpedo into her, and sent her to the bottom. A half dozen British boats went after the impudent German, and destroyed her.

A sailor was on the *Andania*, when she was attacked, and got out by jumping into the water with an oar. This hero was interviewed at some length by anxious passengers, because he was regarded as probably the best qualified expert on U-boats in the ship. He was able to give no assurance that our ship would get over in safety. It might, of course. Sometimes ships get through all right. “But these ‘Uns is everywhere, damn ‘em,” he says.

So it goes. On every tongue are tales of submarines, theories of submarines, fears of submarines. It affords a small measure of assurance to find that the net losses of the allied and merchant marines have vastly decreased, that the net gains over them (August, 1918) were 100,000 tons a month, and that in all about 150 U-boats have been sunk

since the war began, more than one-half of them in the past 12 months. The total number of submarines built by Germany is estimated by the British to have been about 350. This leaves 200 of them still pursuing their destructive courses.

It is more than ever true that the undersea boat literally takes its life in its hand when it embarks on a cruise of terror and murder. Naturally, it is more cautious, as a rule. Here and there is a captain of special enterprise in blood-thirsty daring, and he takes a long chance. There are aces among them, as there are among the aviators; but they meet their fate sooner or later. The problem has not been wholly solved by the allies, to be sure; but it has been measurably solved, so that there is now a zone of safety (comparative) on the Atlantic, and we are passing through it at this writing.

Precaution is not thrown to the wind because we are thought to be distant from the danger area. A piece of wreckage hove in sight off our starboard quarter yesterday, and a patrol boat turned swiftly in its course and went for it. A sneaking device of the enemy is to hide his periscope in apparently harmless floating debris, and fire away at the unwary passer. A long train of smoke followed the vigilant watchman craft, screening the fleet from a possible enemy. The passengers were more curious than excited. They did not quite know how to account for this sudden departure from the placid routine of many days' journey, and they awaited results with complacency, relatively speaking. There were none, except that signals followed between the destroyer and the forward cruiser, and the onward march was resumed in order.

The newest rumor is that two fishing boats were run down last night by one of the squadron, and that it had dropped behind to rescue the unfortunate survivors. Whether there are survivors, or whether there was an accident, is all matter for passing conjecture. It is true that the fleet was minus one of its units, and that later it rejoined us. It did not deign to tell us where it had been.

But there was no element of fancy about one detail of the day's happenings. A frail old man, said to be a clergy-

man—a Rev. Mr. Croucher—traveling alone from Vancouver, B. C., to London, where it was said he was to join his family, was seized with pneumonia and died. The incident made a deep impression on all aboard. A long and, doubtless, a useful career as minister to the lame, the halt and the blind, was thus ended miserably among strangers, without the consolation of a familiar hand or the sound of a recognizable voice; and the useless remnant of flesh was speedily consigned to the waves after a brief service in the presence of a small group of sailors, soldiers and civilians.

It should be added that while there is a good deal of sickness it is, except in some instances, not serious. Seasickness is a curable malady.*

But let us not get away from the all-inclusive subject of submarines. One moot question is as to the best position in the fleet. For long days we have been running along on the right flank near a handy destroyer; and it was argued with great weight that this must be the post of honor and also of greatest risk, for here, most likely, U-boats are known most frequently to threaten. The counter-suggestion was happily made that in so great a fleet no sagacious Hun would seek out a single target, but would surely fire at the whole flock, thus making sure to hit something. From this point of view it appeared probable that the most dangerous locality was the exact center, for it might be reached from any side. When light broke this morning, and anxious eyes looked abroad to note the changes and possible casualties of the night, it was seen that we were the central vessel. No great war authority who will undo the mischievous work of the amateur strategist who got us in this fix has yet appeared.**

ABOARD SHIP, EN ROUTE TO ENGLAND, OCTOBER 2, 1918.

*About this time the influenza began to appear among the soldiers and the men. It increased in extent and developed in seriousness, so that it retired the submarines to the background as a source of apprehension.

**The steamship was the *Orontes*, of Glasgow, about 9000 tons. She had been in the commercial service with Australia, and later had been a transport, carrying Australian soldiers to England. She had capacity for about 1000 troops, and had never taken more than 1100. But the American authorities required her to carry 1800, of whom 500 were negroes. The accommodations were so limited and meager, and they became so stifling and filthy, that many soldiers insisted on sleeping on the exposed decks, often in the rain all night. It was said that in a single morning two soldiers were found dead, lying on the deck. It had not even been discovered that they were sick.

The *Orontes* left New York September 24, and arrived at Liverpool, via the North of Ireland, October 7, 1918.

THIRD LETTER.

PASSING THE TIME IN A LONG SEA VOYAGE.

THE convoy, all intact after nine days at sea, is now approaching the real danger zone—a fact which does not contribute to the general cheer among the twelve editors. The seas are running higher, and the ship is heaving and straining, and doing her best to hold her exposed position in the fleet—she is back again on the right line—and the rain is falling, and the cold wind is blowing, and everybody who can find a place to stand, or sit, or lie, is inside the saloon or smoking-room, or along the companion ways.

For three or four days after we left port, it was plausibly contended by one group of geographers that we had all along been taking a southerly course, for the growing mildness of the breezes proved it; but the unofficial astronomer got busy, and made a considerable impression with a calculation based on naked observations of the sun that our course had been north and east, and that our route was taking us by way of the grand banks of Newfoundland. The dispute raged violently for several days, until yesterday, when the sun party all but routed the wind-jammers, citing the biting cold breeze as final proof for their theory. Did not the descending thermometer show the presence of adjacent icebergs? Where could icebergs be found except in the far North?

Necessarily all this was admitted, and the anti-sun party was about to yield, when some one noted that the wind was blowing directly from the south; we could hardly be north of the ice fields. It was finally decided to leave the whole question of our location to the infallible pole star. The main difficulty now is to find the north star, which hides itself every night behind the prevailing mists. Probably the problem will not be solved until we reach land, if then,

and—if we reach land. The latter “if” is merely added as a concession to the prevailing practice of conditioning every human probability for the future on the U-boats. We live in an atmosphere of apprehension created by an almost constant discussion of the German sea-bogy. It puts to rout all experience, all demonstration, all facts, and is not perceptibly lessened by the cool demeanor of the ship’s officers, the presence of warships, and the prevalence of a general storm.

The storm is, in fact, the best possible guaranty of safety from attack, leaving out of consideration the destroyers and depth bombs, which the Huns hold in awesome respect. More and more is it clear that the U-boats operate mostly where they can strike and get away in safety, and he is a rare and fortunate German captain who is able to escape the swift and deadly return blow of the British and American torpedoboats. Tonight or tomorrow we shall be met by more British and American warships; then there is only the slightest chance of any German visitation.

A while ago there were three short blasts of the siren—the danger signal—and the cry of “man overboard” was heard. A sailor had made a misstep from the upper deck, and had been thrown into the water. A lusty Australian soldier threw over a life-buoy, and the vessel came to a standstill, and so did all the other ships. A battleship moved over in our direction, and then we began a slow maneuver in a circle to locate and rescue the unfortunate man. He was not again seen.

Let me not give the impression that this trip across the Atlantic is a sad pilgrimage—not so far. I have had no such intention. The talk about submarines among the passengers is largely to make conversation, and has precious little intrinsic merit. In truth, all know we are abundantly and skillfully safeguarded, and that the hazards of the ordinary ocean voyage have been, in our case, but little increased. We are not told where we are, or how it is being done, except insofar as it is obvious; but all know it is being done just the same.

The editors have established the custom of having a symposium every day on some subject pertinent to the

object of their investigations abroad. The other day we had an informal address by an intelligent and brilliant Irishman, long a resident of England, a Manchester merchant—"trader," he called himself—on the Irish question. He touched in persuasive fashion the high lights of England's historic relation with Ireland, and he gave a clear statement of the present status of legislation and administration. He was critical of England throughout, and wholly sympathetic with Ireland; "but," he said in conclusion—and the tears came to his eyes—"I am sore at heart that Ireland has not taken a great and noble part in the war."

Again there was a discussion with an Englishman who had been much in America on the same Irish question. He was as well informed as the Irishman, and as reasonable and convincing in statement. He admitted England's mistreatment of Ireland, and said much had been done to correct it, and more would be done. He summed up the whole matter, from an Englishman's point of view, by insisting upon a definition of what Ireland's present, not past, wrongs are, and he declared that every Irishman has the same freedom and protection under the law as every Englishman and Scotchman, and that a policy of separation and not nationalization was what Ireland—rebellious Ireland—really wants, and England cannot and will not grant.

The attitudes of these two—Englishman and Irishman—are typical of the English and Irish racial viewpoints. When the actual differences between them are resolved, they seem trifling, so far as tangible and ascertainable grievances are concerned. The Irish question would appear to be largely, if not wholly, a state of mind, growing out of radical antipathies, religious prejudices, a traditional sense of injury and oppression, the inherited pose of superiority by England, the impossibility of a sympathetic understanding by England of the Irish soul and spirit, the inborn resentment by Ireland of any Anglization (if that is a good word) of Ireland and its institutions, a native purpose by Ireland to realize somehow an Irish and not a British destiny.

I hope I have not started anything by this little digression into a subject which I shall hope to survey on the ground. I know that I have given surface impressions, and

I am prepared, I believe, to set aside any present opinions and give the candid results of any real inquiry, if I am able to make it, into a question which has perplexed statesmen and divided peoples, and distracted and nearly broken a great empire.

It is a small world. We had with us today a Scotchman who had just escaped from Siberia, with his wife, and was on his way to England after 29 years' residence in Ekaterinburg, in the Ural Mountains. He managed after incredible difficulties, and by negotiations with the local bolshevik authorities, to leave last May, via the Siberian Railroad, to Vladivostok. He was accompanied by 12 others, all British subjects. After four and a half days' journey, and repeated indignities through search and other interferences, the whole party was arrested and brought back to Ekaterinburg, on the charge that they were taking gold and platinum out of the country. When this was proved untrue, they were permitted again to leave, and finally arrived at Vladivostok, and then went to Japan and across the Pacific to Vancouver, and then on to the Atlantic coast. When Mr. Davidson was telling his story he caught the interested attention of a good-looking American soldier, a Second Lieutenant. It developed that he, too, had been born in Ekaterinburg, and had been taken to America as a child. The family had settled on the Pacific Coast, and owned a farm on the Wishkah River, in Washington, near Aberdeen. The soldier was later chief of police of Aberdeen.

I have met more than one young man from the Northwest among the soldiers, and one woman whom I shall call Miss Peggy Red-head. She is quite the reigning sensation of the ship. Shortly after our embarkation she appeared for dinner at the captain's table, in full evening dress, an attractive, smiling and vivacious young woman. She had the art of demure flirtation down to a fine point, for a young naval Lieutenant quickly caught the scent and started on Peggy's trail. Things progressed famously until an Army Captain took a hand. Then followed a great contest, for the smiles of the fair Peggy, between Army and Navy. The whole ship got interested and was divided into Army and Navy, all over Peggy. One night Peggy ostentatiously

arose from her seat at the table beside the Lieutenant and walked across the saloon to a vacant chair beside the Captain—a performance that greatly delighted the amused diners. Clearly the Navy had lost. For several days the Lieutenant and Peggy sat at meals side by side, not saying a word, each trying to freeze the other out. One night Peggy appeared with both Army and Navy and sat happily between them, all three evidently on the most amicable terms. What had happened nobody else knows; but clearly the war had ended in a truce.

The other night, after a particularly dreary sermon by a fat Major—clergyman—which the editors had faithfully attended in a body, and while they had remained to discuss the right of the preacher to scare us nearly to death by his tales of death and horror at the front—which he did—a young woman from Chicago approached us and asked us what we thought of men who would pay all their attention to a frivolous young chit like Peggy, and ignore and neglect serious and dutiful young women like herself, who were going to France to take a woman's part in the war. On the defensive, we all chorused that we had nothing to do with Peggy, except to watch her and her admirers.

"That's just it," she replied. "You have given a thought to no other woman, but have openly applauded and encouraged such a trifler, and you have left us"—there were a number in her party—"in doubt as to whether we are wanted by the boys in France, or anywhere. Can we get a hearing? Will they listen to us? Can we do any good? What's the use? Oh! what's the use?" and she burst into tears.

There was a mighty uncomfortable group of editors, who weakly sought to say that they had been interested in Peggy's performances only as a vaudeville stunt, and they didn't even know her, and they supposed the Y. M. C. A. woman had no thought for mere civilians, and they would be glad to reform their ways, and devote whatever time to these young ladies that they cared to give—and so on.

It developed that the Chicago woman, who is a public entertainer, had been asked to quit her work there and go to the front. She had left four children, and clearly she

was lonesome and homesick. Well, she was not alone in that respect. She had been overwhelmed by a sense of neglect, and she had taken it out on us innocent and perfectly respectable journalists.

Meanwhile, Peggy has in part abandoned the Army Captain and the naval Lieutenant and is nursing sick soldiers and doing noble service.*

AT SEA, OCTOBER 4, 1918.

*I saw Peggy later in London, at the Savoy Hotel. She was being faithfully attended by the young Navy Lieutenant. The Army had disappeared. On the day of the signing of the armistice—November 11—I found her on the Strand, in the midst of a great crowd, trying to make her way to the Savoy. She was in the uniform of an ambulance driver of the Canadian army. I volunteered to escort her to the hotel; but, being without proper diligence in such enterprises, I lost her in the crowd and did not see her again.

FOURTH LETTER.

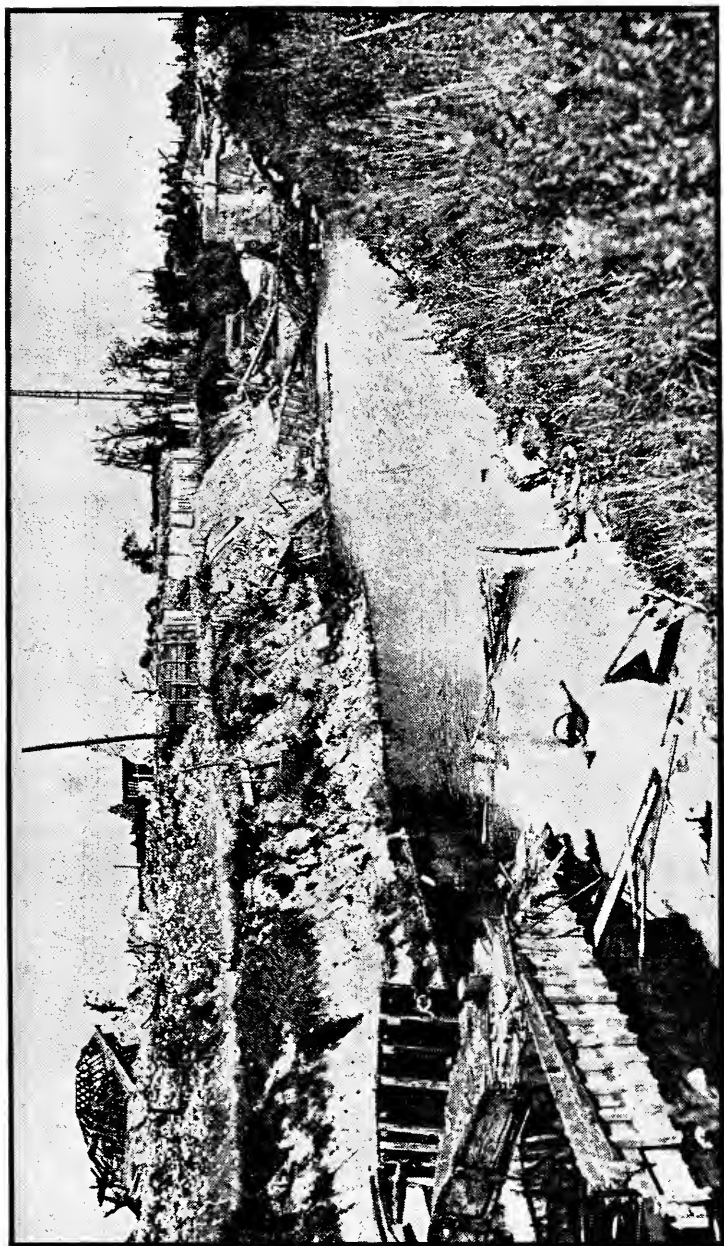
THE STORM.

A SEA VOYAGE without a storm would come to be a monotonous affair. We had it to crown the events of many fruitful days. It is not yet over. The hurricane was no sudden outbreak. It was the appropriate climax of the drama of clamor and sensation which old Neptune has been staging for us in the past week.

There have been continuous gales for the latter part of our journey, which began under a mild sun and amid balmy breezes, so that long hours of the day might be passed tranquilly on the decks. That is the way most of the travelers spent their time, watching the changing movement of sea and sky, in which the marching ships were gloriously set, a mighty picture of never-ending majesty and beauty. But for several days now the shrill winds and choppy seas have made it safer and more comfortable to stay in the saloon or smoking-room.

A disagreeable day had ended without special incident. The fleet was approaching the coast, it was said—some coast, not known then nor now by its geographical location or name to the people on shipboard, except to the officers. The way they have kept their secret of our course and destination is a tribute to their powers of restraint and sense of duty. From the south or west during the night sprang up a gale, beside which all other offerings of Boreas were zephyrs. But we were running with it, and beyond a consciousness that the vessel was sweeping along with longer strides than common, it seemed nothing exceptional.

The passenger who had eaten his breakfast in the enclosed and darkened saloon and then mounted to the smoking-room on the promenade deck saw strange sights. The sea was one rolling prairie of green, surfaced with a soapy, sickly, streaky foam. The vessel was speeding with approximate ease before the tempest, mounting the crest of a



CANAL AT LA BASSEE, SHOWING DESTROYED BRIDGE.

great wave, then pointing her stem down and running like a deerhound into the vast valley below, only to climb the long incline beyond.

It was as if one stood on a great mountain and looked out upon a wide vista of formidable peaks all around him, sinking at last into the distant horizon. It was a vast contour map of heaving hills and vanishing vales, and we took our unsteady way through and over them.

Outside it was a different story. Two torpedo-boats, probably from the flotilla which had come to meet us, were struggling hard to keep at our side. One of them was quite near, a creature of four smokestacks, steaming her difficult course along. Careening to one side and then the other, sticking her sharp prow into the teeth of the wave, standing almost literally on her tail, and then, by a quick, gymnastic twist, utterly reversing her advance, the brave little craft was not making good weather of it. One time she balanced on a billow, her bow and stern both in the air, her propeller running futilely.

Her companion, a mere cockleshell, was performing the same marvelous stunts, threading her uneven road among hillocks and hollows of water in a fashion quite wonderful. They say that a destroyer is practically unsinkable. It is believable from what we saw; yet how one could live in a tenement so unsure and topsyturvical is beyond all understanding. Fancy having the floor of one's house a mere moving platform, assuming each moment a new and terrible angle, and fancy the walls leaving their orderly place beside you and whirling around you, above you, below you, in a varying succession of inconceivable pranks.

The mere physical effort of getting along in such surroundings must be very great; but the mental strain must be even worse—far worse. Yet men, knowing the nature of the task before them, undertake thus to safeguard the precious lives of countrymen and allies. Hats off to the heroes of the American and British navies!

The business of flying before the storm was soon to end for us. Through the spume and mist the outlines of land appeared, not many miles away. Quite obviously, if our course was not soon changed, there would be real trouble.

The ship turned slowly and heavily to the open sea. A huge wave struck her broadside, and every man in the room went tumbling in a skelter of struggling arms and legs, chairs and tables and debris to the lower side, landing in a mass.

That was enough for one of them. He went below to the saloon, where the sight of the threatening seas would be shut from his vision. The tables were set for luncheon, and a quick lurch threw the dishes clattering to the floor. People began to come in from their cabins seeking the solace of sterner spirits. A mighty bump was felt, and a loud smash was heard above, and a cascade of water came tearing down the staircase, drenching to the skin many persons near, and literally flooding the saloon floor. The dismayed passengers sought safety and dryness by climbing chairs and settees and even tables. Then a disorderly procession of bedraggled and laughing men—their laughter a trifle forced, perhaps—came hurrying down from the smoking-room above. The water had smashed in all windows and had piled them up together in one corner in a soaked and choking jumble. They, too, then, had enough, and came down.

The torrent of water soon disappeared from the saloon, and went pouring into the staterooms below. Frightened women, a few of them carrying children, wet through and through, came up the companion ways, and joined the others in their nervous wait for whatever might happen. Big Steve, he of the jovial spirit and abounding good nature, called out “what a beauty” whenever a wave struck, and a Chicago woman began to sing a topical song.

A few sought to join in the chorus, but they failed. Someone loudly called out “Damn the Kaiser” when a lurch occurred, and was so pleased with the reception of his bon mot that he repeated it many times. A demure young woman, with feet wet and skirts soused, took off her stockings and put others on. The voyaging editors, resolved to do their duty, gathered together, and conversed noisily, and the story-tellers were, or tried to be, at their best. The calm demeanor of their leader, a famous Alabama editor, was only equaled in its reassuring effect by the display of real nerve and cool spirit by their youngest member, the

Buffalo publisher. He had been eight times across the Atlantic, and said he was not scared. Apparently he wasn't.

A Danish sea captain, calmly reading a book in a quiet corner, regarded the antics of the journalists and the other entertainers with pleased benevolence. A Y. M. C. A. man got on the job, and radiated smiles. The morale of the nerve-shaken party was fairly well restored, despite the smashing uproar of the seas outside. Then someone brought in word that the wireless apparatus had broken down, and the loosened wires were stringing out into the seas. It was true. But it is also true that the intrepid operator and a helper ascended the rigging in the face of the gale and fixed it. "Not a very good job," he said later, "but it will hold." It was apparently all in a day's work.

Aloft in the crow's nest, reached by ladders of rope, two or more young sailors had alternated in their watch. It was something of a sight, in pleasanter hours, to watch one young mariner ascend, and the other come down. When one of them went somehow to his station, on the previous night, it had been to find the nest empty. His mate had literally been blown out of it, and into the water. A high wave which went clean over the ship had smashed one life-boat to smithereens. Other damage was done to the after cabins on the upper decks. But the injuries to the staunch vessel were on the whole not material.

After an hour of a gallant struggle out to the open sea, the apprehensive shut-ins noted that there was less tossing and straining, and soon there was a return to comparative stability, accompanied by a restored mental and moral equilibrium. The commander, a young man, but noted for his skill as a navigator, had turned the ship into the eye of the wind, pointing her directly away from her destination. He was marking time until it might be safe to resume. A trip to the stern, through long inside companion ways—the decks were forbidden to all but the crew—showed less crested whiteness on the sea, but the same great rhythm and might of motion. The waves had gone down only a little.

For several hours we rode the waves in this fashion, and then an attempt was made to resume the course. It failed.

Two hours later, about 6 or 7 o'clock, it was again attempted, and this time it succeeded. After the turning movement, there were no upsetting clashes between ship and ocean. Tea was served as usual, and then dinner; but the attendance was not large. Appetites had disappeared. Somewhere and somehow the fleet and warships were lost to us. It was reported that one blue-funneled companion vessel had been seen to reel over, and, being instantly struck by a succeeding wave, had dipped until her stacks were flat with the water. She righted herself, luckily, and disappeared in the storm. Just now we are taking our course alone. The storm is said to be God's best protection against the submarines. We are now where they are supposed to be.

Later.—We have arrived safely at our English port, a good deal shaken, but quite willing and able to land. The other ships, with a single exception, have duly reported.

LIVERPOOL, OCTOBER 8, 1918.

Later.—(October 12.)—The loss of the steamship Otranto off the Irish Coast, with 431 missing and 590 rescued (of whom 100 later died), has now been officially announced. She was a member of our fleet and was conspicuous among many ships by the remarkable nature of her camouflage—long and queerly colored streaks along her side, descending at bow and stern into the water, giving, as it was intended to give, a distinct impression of a vessel keeled over and sinking. That anyone could have been saved from her after collision with the Kashmir, in such a sea, is almost beyond belief. The present writer, when he first looked out on the waters on that fateful Sunday morning, saw two destroyers. Later he saw one of them turn in the storm, and go in another direction. He wondered why she had changed her course and left us. Probably she had just had a summons by wireless from the sinking Otranto, and was then responding to the call of duty. The rescue was a performance as astounding as it was noble.

FIFTH LETTER.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

THE debarkation at the British port (Liverpool) was a tedious affair. But we were quite patient over the formalities. We were in safe waters, and duly thankful after our deliverance. There were passports to be examined, customs matters to be arranged, trunks to be got out of the hold, and all the other details of a long journey's end to be looked after.

An excursion steamer, a flat-looking affair, built after the manner of a ferryboat, came puffing out from a landing with an American flag at her masthead, and a lot of people crowded on her decks. She steamed around us, and her passengers waved flags and handkerchiefs, and the soldiers gave answering cheers. Then a brisk young man came from somewhere and took us in charge. He was from the Ministry of Information.

Soon a polite and soldierly gentleman met us, a Major Wrench, and notified us that from now on we should be with him, or some other official representative in his place. Then there was a Colonel and a Captain, the latter a strapping, upstanding individual, with a lame arm won at Gallipoli.

A fine hotel was the seat of our night's entertainment, the first quiet place we had found for eating and sleeping in almost two weeks. The comfort of dining at a table which does not rise constantly to look one in the face, and of sleeping in a bed which stays put, is not to be thoroughly appreciated except after an experience like ours.

A look about the town early next morning, to get a first impression of England in war-time, disclosed sundry novelties. The streets had been but dimly lighted when we arrived, and not much could be seen. Stores do not open till 9 o'clock. There was but little movement in the streets.

But double-decked 'busses were going and coming, passing on the left, and the trams, and there were old and quaint buildings with occasional new and modern structures, narrow and irregular streets with pavements of cobblestone and basalt, and statues, many of them of great men.

There was a magnificent city hall with a great Wellington statue—you see figures of the conqueror of Napoleon in every city—an equestrian effigy of Queen Victoria and another of her consort, "a wise and good prince." England honors, and does not forget, her great rulers, statesmen and soldiers. The only disadvantage about the national habit of erecting statues may be that the heroes of one generation may not be remembered by the next. But perhaps that is a good reason why there should be a permanent reminder of their lives and services.

The weather threatened rain, just like Oregon. Later it rained, just like Oregon. About midnight, however, there had been a thunderstorm, not like Oregon.

The likeness to Oregon, to one who has just discovered England, does not end with the weather. The hills, the fields, the trees, the foliage, all bring the home state constantly to one's thoughts. Or perhaps it is something approaching homesickness. Yet probably not. The green and gentle hills are thoroughly cultivated. The houses are of brick, as everyone knows. The fences are hedges, as everyone also knows. But with these exceptions and others like them, growing out of tradition and the long cultivation and occupation of the country, you have in the heart of England another Willamette Valley.

At London the editors were taken to the Savoy, a luxurious hotel in the center of the city. Then there were immediate preparations for their entertainment. Someone from the British Ministry showed up every few minutes. There was a disconcerting number of invitations to luncheons, dinners and other formal affairs. Reporters began to appear and the London papers gave adequate notice of the arrival of so distinguished and interesting a party. Evidently they regard the journalists as the messengers of the new era of understanding and good will between England and America. Quite frankly, that is what England is think-

ing about—a League of Nations, perhaps, or probably; ah, yes.

The London papers are, by the way, rather sorry affairs, all due to the war. The Morning Mail, for example, is down to four and six pages, where formerly it had twice or three times as many. The great Times prints from twelve to fourteen pages. The shortage of paper, and not war poverty, is the reason. One has to get used to the English newspapers. Like the average Englishman, they consistently hide their good qualities so that you have to hunt all through, over, above, below and around them to learn what is in them. Your Englishman continues to be an island, so that you must paddle around him quite a while before he will notice you. But when he does it, he does it better than most others, perhaps all others.

Just now England is going far to acquire and hold the good opinion of America. It is a wide departure from the common English pose. But the effort is sincere and genuine, I think. If we have had differences of temper, thought, outlook, manners and speech, we must take our share of the responsibility. If the English have not understood us, we have persisted in our misunderstanding of them. One very definite example of our misconception is the caricature of an Englishman which we always put on the stage.

The first event on the formal programme for the editors was a visit to a proving field for tanks, at a point near London. The evolutions of the ugly moving fortresses were quite wonderful. We saw them all, and we learned a lot, but it is not to be written here now.

The most interesting affair of the day was a luncheon by Lord Northcliffe at The Times for both the first and second parties of editors and writers. The first group is now on its way home and has just arrived from France. The affair was conducted with great punctilio. The chairman was His Lordship, and the ceremonies were in the hands of a solemn but most august functionary known here as the toastmaster. He announced to the host the name and station of each arriving guest, and, standing at the banquet table behind the chairman, acted as prompter and manager. It is said that he is considered an indispensable ornament

to all formal English functions. King George has one for his own exclusive use.

Lord Northcliffe, who had honored the editors with a personal call the previous day, is a business-like person; vigorous, polite, precise and quite plain spoken. He is not blunt, but he can always be understood, which is more than can be said of other Englishmen, who have a habit of dropping syllables and words quite confusing to Americans. It is mostly a matter of accent, for it is a fact that Englishmen understand one another's speech and its peculiarities perfectly. They have the same difficulty about adjusting themselves to our idioms and mannerisms, no doubt.

The Times is a British institution, which explains perhaps why the traditional formalities are preserved in all its performances. One of the guests, to whom had been introduced an editor of the Times, and who had asked "What Times—New York or London?" was loftily reminded that there is only one "Times." The guest knew it, and was glad of it, but did not say so. It was an act of commendable self-restraint. "The Times" man meant no offense, only he felt that he had a right to assert on all occasions the exclusive and dominant position of the Thunderer in world journalism.

Times Square has been the seat of printing for more than 300 years. It is at the site of one of Shakespeare's theaters, and there also, to this day, in a fine state of preservation, is the town house of the Walter family, founders and publishers of the great paper for three generations, and yet in nominal control, for a Walter must always be president of the corporation.

Lord Northcliffe made an admirable speech of welcome, the keynote of which was America's noble part in the war and the closer union of the two great branches of the English-speaking race. It was fitly responded to by representatives of the editors. The Times devotes several columns to the event, printing all the addresses in full, after the British journalistic fashion.

Perhaps it will be justifiable to give a list of those present, as printed in The Times, just to show the quality of the function:

American Editors (First Party).

Edward Bok, Ladies' Home Journal; Duncan Clark, Chicago Evening Post; Alfred Holman, San Francisco Argonaut; Dr. Charles R. L. Van Hise, President Wisconsin University; F. W. Kellogg, San Francisco Call; L. W. Nieman, Milwaukee Journal; R. T. Oulihan, New York Sun and New York Times; Ellery Sedgwick, Atlantic Monthly; Dr. Albert Shaw, Review of Reviews; James N. Thomson, New Orleans Item; C. H. Towne, McClure's Magazine; Dr. E. J. Wheeler, Everybody's Magazine.

American Editors (Second Party).

Edward W. Barrett, Birmingham Age-Herald, Alabama; E. H. Butler, Buffalo Evening News; F. P. Glass, Birmingham News, Alabama; H. V. Jones, The Journal, Minneapolis; F. R. Kent, Baltimore Sun; A. M. McKay, Salt Lake City Tribune; E. H. O'Hara, Syracuse Herald, New York; W. A. Patterson, Western Newspaper Union; E. B. Piper, Portland Oregonian; E. L. Ray, St. Louis Globe-Democrat; C. A. Rook, Pittsburg Dispatch; L. Young, Des Moines Capital.

Others present were:

Irwin Laughlin, American Charge d'Affaires; the Earl of Reading, G. C. B.; Lord Burnham, Lord Rothermere, Vice-Admiral W. S. Sims, G. C. M. G.; E. C. Shoecraft, Sir A. Conan Doyle, H. G. Wells, Sir George Riddell, Captain Sir Rowland Blades, Captain Sir Guy Gaunt, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Campbell Stuart, K. B. E.; Major Evelyn Wrench, Colonel the Hon. A. G. Murray, M. P.; H. J. Leary, C. M. G.; Valentine Wallace, W. Sutherland, G. A. Sutton, W. A. Ackland, C. I. Beattie, J. P. Bland, G. M. Brumwell, H. Corbett, M. Humphrey Davy, Geoffrey Dawson, Lloyd Evans, T. E. Mackenzie, H. G. Price, O. B. E.; W. Lints Smith, H. W. Stead.

LONDON, OCTOBER 10, 1918.

SIXTH LETTER.

A GRAND DAY WITH ROYALTY.

THE American editors, on tour of England, were notified after a round of rather severe social entertainments and of dutiful attendance upon various political functions, that King George and Queen Mary would be graciously pleased to receive them at Sandringham on Sunday, October 13. It was intimated that it was a most unusual concession, for His Majesty and his court preferred to observe the traditions and keep themselves to themselves, apart from the formalities of their position, at their country seat — on the Sabbath day, at least.

Sandringham is the Summer home of royalty, about one hundred miles from London on the eastern coast, near the sea. It had been acquired and developed by King Albert Edward, and was his private estate, the location of his fine racing stables and splendid gardens, and it is now the permanent residence of his widow, Queen Alexandra. The first group of American magazine and periodical editors and writers, through a coincidence now in London, were also included in the royal command, and together all were to go, furnishing for His Majesty his first personal view of composite American journalism. The proposed audience, it was hinted by those who arranged it, was substantial and convincing evidence of the high interest of the King in the forthcoming entente between the two great English-speaking nations. One hears much on that fruitful subject just now in England.

The first result of the royal invitation was to throw the gratified editors into a flutter of discussion about the kind of dress needed for a court presentation. The Ministry of Information, which has the journalists in charge, gravely informed them, however, that it was to be no formal occasion, but a social and unofficial visit at the week-end to

Sandringham, and that nobody need to lie awake o' nights worrying about whether to wear a high hat and morning dress, or the usual work-a-day suit of the average American. But the decision of the Ministry did not entirely settle this important matter, nor did the Ministry itself adhere to its ruling for informality. Some officious personage came hurriedly from headquarters and announced that it would be strictly *de rigueur* to wear a top hat and a cutaway, and other such apparel. After due arrangements had been made to accord with this latest decision as to the correct thing in court fashions, someone higher in authority at the last moment gave out final word that everybody might dress as he pleased, but that the King would undoubtedly prefer to see his guests in the costumes they ordinarily wear at home. The controversy being thus happily concluded, the editors started off for Sandringham in the garb which each of them thought best suited to his style of beauty. For the most part, silk hats went by the board.

The time of the visit was most auspicious. Great news had just come out of Germany to the effect that it had decided to capitulate, after four years and more of war, and it was to be supposed that the atmosphere about Sandringham would be most congenial for felicitations. There are no Sunday papers worth the name in Great Britain, but the King, of course, had his own private information about the happy turn of events. A royal messenger was indeed on the train which bore the twenty-three Americans to Sandringham. His office was to tell King George what he already knew.

The journey to Sandringham was taken in a special train, under a semi-cloudy sky, through a lovely landscape. There was a glimpse of the famous college town of Cambridge, and of the historic cathedral at Ely. The party arrived at the Sandringham Station, reserved for the guests of royalty, about 2 o'clock, and found waiting there three spick-and-span carryalls. There had meanwhile been received from the major domo of the Ministry specific instructions as to how the party was to be received. They were to be divided into three groups, and each of them was to enter the august presence separately, and was to remain not more

than ten minutes. It was expected that His Majesty would have had quite enough in that brief period. But it proved that this thoughtful prevision of the courtiers who seek to decide just who shall be privileged to bask in the smiles of royalty, and how long, was erroneous. For the King upset the entire programme and had a bully day with his visitors, as Mr. Roosevelt might call it; so did his family. All ceremony was quickly waived and forgotten, and everybody had a grand time.

Sandringham is a noble estate, with fine drives, spacious lawns, prodigal greenery and scattered lakes and ponds. Queen Alexandra, the mother of the King, occupied the "Castle," which is no castle at all, but a fine country home. The King dwells, during his stay there, in a comparatively modest place called York Cottage. Here he rests for several weeks in the Summer — the pheasant-hunting season — and here all the children of George and Mary were born.

A drive of about a mile through winding ways and over an attractive landscape brought the party to Sandringham. A functionary in a bright red coat, decorated with many medals, indicating worthy service in the Life Guards, ushered them into the waiting-room. There were other officials who had no special insignia of rank or station, and who, with well-bred ease, put themselves so much at the disposal of the guests that they soon felt quite at home.

King George was attended by Queen Mary, the Dowager Queen Alexandra, Princess Mary (his daughter), Princess Victoria (his sister) and several ladies-in-waiting. A very old man, Sir Richard Probyn, a hero of Indian warfare, and possessor of the Victoria Cross, was the personal attendant and courtier of Queen Alexandra. The King was garbed in an ordinary business suit, with gray spats, and a red neck-tie, and all the court ladies were dressed much as one sees every day the women of America, in any American city, in an admirably fitted tailored suit. There was no ostentation of stiffness, and but little ceremony. The party had been individually warned not to offer to shake hands with the King or Queen unless they first made the approach, which they did in every instance. "Address him always as 'Your Majesty' and the Queen in the same way, and the

Princess as 'Your Highness'" it was said. Some of the editors perhaps forgot the rules, but no one attempted any familiarity, and certainly none was invited; but everyone of the royal personages, after the introductions, descended into easy conversation with someone or other of the Americans.

The pictures of King George do not do him justice. He is animated in action, ready and distinct in speech, with an inclination toward the humorous, and affable in manner, without condescension. He is not afflicted with the English habit of smothering his words, and he is at a loss at no time for something to say. He expressed to all the editors, without constraint, his pleasure at their visit, and showed an understanding of American affairs, and of the purpose of their coming to England, which was quite surprising. It is not permissible to quote him directly on any matter of politics or statecraft, but probably it will not be objectionable to repeat that he is in accord with the sentiment in England for a close union with the great American Republic—no binding agreement, no formal league, no contract alliance, merely a rapprochement which would prevent any vital disagreements, and which would mean harmony and unity among all the English-speaking nations of the world, with resultant benefit to civilization and humanity. Some one had the temerity to say that the Republican party in America sadly needs a candidate for President, and asked if the King might not come to America and stand for the nomination with the assurance of certain election. The King merely responded to the novel suggestion with a loud "Ha-Ha." The laugh of England's King is ready and contagious. He understands an American joke. He likes baseball, too. He was immensely interested in his several reviews of American troops, and he permitted it to be understood that he would like soon to see again the American soldiers in camp or on march.

After many pleasantries with the King and Queen and their attendants, the guests were asked if they might not desire to go over Sandringham. All were, of course, delighted to say yes, and the whole company started, under the guidance of the King and Queen, over the grounds. The

King and Queen walk rapidly. First there was a visit to York Cottage, where there was an intimate view of how the royal family lives. Some one of the King's entourage took charge of certain groups of the editors, and each appeared to be anxious to show the advantages and attractions of the great estate at its best. One curious journalist asked half a dozen lords and ladies in turn what was the area of Sandringham; and all said they did not know. But the King promptly settled all doubts by ruling that it is 15,000 acres.

York Cottage is a plain brick dwelling of 15 or 20 rooms, of only moderate size, with a workshop or study for the King. If there were any special courtiers or equerries there, they were not seen. The equipment in furniture and in modern conveniences was complete, and in some respects elegant; but there are many homes in America, some of them in Portland, which might be compared favorably with it.

There was a long tour afoot to the gardens and to the stables, both the particular hobby of King Albert Edward. A pony and cart, driven by the faithful Probyn, followed the company around. It was for the use of Queen Alexandra, but she went the entire rounds with the others, and did not at any time appear to lose interest in her guests or in what they were saying and seeing.

In the vicinity of the royal stables is a great statue of Persimmon, which won the Derby in 1896, and which was a pet of the former King. He was bred in Sandringham. It is a magnificent effigy of a splendid horse. In the stables were many animals, each in charge of an attendant, who brought them out for exhibition. Both the King and Queen, and the Dowager Queen, busied themselves in passing to the thoroughbreds carrots, which they took with great gusto. In all, there must be 100 first-class animals in the stables. The chief of the stud is Friar Marcus, which was never beaten as a 2-year-old.

Several members of the party who had the fortune to fall in with Queen Alexandra were asked to accompany her to a place she called a "workshop." It appears to be modeled somewhat after the artcraft establishments common in America. There were many beautiful specimens of

delicate hand-made furniture. The companions of the Queen were delighted with what they saw, and said so, of course, whereupon she graciously presented to each of the surprised and somewhat embarrassed Americans a tea-table or sewing table. One of the pieces will go to Buffalo, one to San Francisco and one to Portland.

The tour was completed by a second visit to Sandringham, where tea was served. It was a rather elaborate function, though all the royal party continued to mingle with the visitors in the most democratic fashion. The King later expressed a desire to show the editors his library, doubtless with the idea that it should be of special interest to men in a supposedly literary calling, as it was. It had been a bowling alley, but King Albert Edward had thought it would be more useful and ornamental as a place of study and reflection, and he made the change. Then the King led the way to Sandringham Chapel, a wonderful little house of worship, with many appropriate decorations and memorials. Then he took them back to his reception-room, where he and the royal group bade good-bye to all their guests, shaking hands with each in turn. If they were asked to come again, at least one of the Americans did not hear it. It may be assumed that it is not the royal custom, for there was every evidence to show that the hosts were as pleased with the visit as the guests were.

The King has the appearance and manner of an alert, quick-thinking, well-informed, well-groomed, middle-aged man of business. Queen Mary, a stately and even beautiful woman, with something of the grand manner, was throughout most gracious to her visitors, and entered into the festivities in a very lively spirit. Queen Alexandra, dressed in complete black, has a noble presence, with an indescribable personal charm. Princess Mary, yet a very young lady, was garbed quite simply, but most tastefully; she was everywhere among the editors, who found it impossible to resist her girlish and vivid personality.

It was a great day for the editors. They saw the King and Queen, and the King and Queen saw them.

LONDON, ENGLAND, OCTOBER 13, 1918.

SEVENTH LETTER.

THE GRAND FLEET.

THE naval fiction that no one outside official circles is to know the exact base of the grand fleet is still extant. Everyone, in fact, knows; for he has seen it, or certain powerful units of it, at some port in England, or Scotland, or Ireland, or perchance on the high seas, looking or waiting for the chastened enemy that skulks behind the iron barriers of Heligoland or the invincible gates of the Kiel Canal.

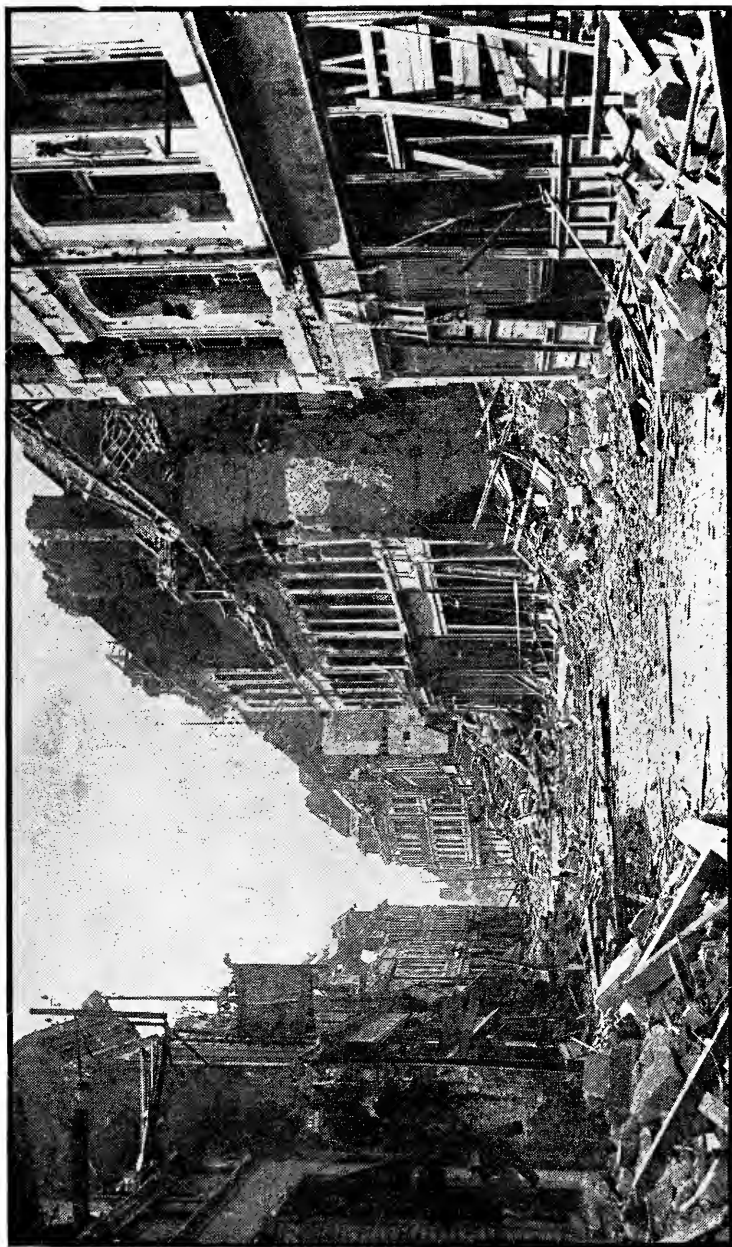
The real location of the grand fleet is anywhere in the world that a German battlefleet—if there is really such a thing as a German battlefleet—may be found.

Of course, the combined British and American armada has to start from somewhere, and go back to that same or some other somewhere, to get fuel and supplies, or make repairs, or otherwise to keep the ships in a state of constant readiness for the encounter which never comes.

To be sure, there is Jutland, where a number of German warships, out for exercise, or on some other mission entirely foreign to the boasted German plan of challenging the British and Americans to open combat on the seas, stumbled into a company of British cruisers in their daily hunt for something to shoot at.

It was an unhappy mischance for the German. He fought, indeed, and he ran as fast as he could. Then he beat the British to the cable office, and sent out a false account of a great German victory. For a time the world, which did not then understand the devious methods of German propaganda as well as it does now, thought the grand fleet had met an outright reverse.

The truth appears to be that some British ships were sunk, and some German ships were sunk, and that the Germans then got out of the way in record time. They



RUE SADI CARNOT, BETHUNE, FRANCE.

knew better than to take the chance of a collision with the capital ships of England. What they had met was merely a cruising squadron.

There was that other time, too, when in the process of terrorization by Germany a favorite device of frightfulness was to bombard the defenseless towns of the British Coast. In the gray of a certain morning, the raiding Huns ran smack into a lot of British battle-cruisers.

What followed is history. There was a running fight, and the Blucher was sunk, and other satisfactory casualties were inflicted. Except for the Jutland misadventure, the Germans have since thought it best to stay behind the impregnable defenses of the shore land.

The British fleet is prepared always for action. It scours the North Sea and the North Atlantic Ocean day and night. It makes war on the submarine, so that it is now about one-fourth as effective as it once was. There are now 5000 vessels in the anti-submarine division alone. It is said not to be permissible to give out figures. But Admiral Sims, of the American Navy, did it, the other day, in a public speech; and his estimate is given here. Most of the 5000 belong to the British navy.

A feature of the itinerary of the American editors was to see the grand fleet. The exact whereabouts of the great battle organization was purposely left in mystery. The editors were not blindfolded and taken over unknown routes to unknown waters to their destination. Not that; but they could not divulge names, or places, or numbers, or formations or technical details of any kind.

Obviously, if they are to keep their promise, they would be much handicapped. It would seem to be small satisfaction to a journalist to see a thing, particularly so mighty a thing, if he is not to tell about it. It may be done in general terms so long as he gives no information.

The fleet inspected by the editors was in harbor, and not in the North Sea nor the Atlantic. The harbor was a large harbor, a deep one and a well-protected one, and a very busy one. There were many warships there; more than one and less than a thousand. There were more, indeed, by many times than any of the visitors had ever seen anywhere, or

ever expected to see, and more probably than ever were brought together anywhere prior to this war. They were at their stations in regular order, waiting, waiting, waiting—waiting for something to turn up.

Every once in a while there is an alarm. A squadron, or several squadrons, are notified to get ready to sail at a moment's notice. Perhaps they get the word to go, perhaps they do not. It is all practice. Or perhaps there is actual notice, through observations from the air, or from remote seas, that something is doing, in the directions where the Germans are known to be, and then away the ships speed in search of the foe that prefers to fight at a safe distance or not at all, or to strike from behind or beneath when he does strike.

It is wearing business. But the British have kept pluckily at it for four years and more, and the Americans for one year or more. Some time there may come the day. Every British and American sailor hopes for it, prays for it, dreams of it. He is fit, and he knows it. He is sure of the result. But doubtless he would be just as eager for the test if he were not sure. It is the British way, and the American way, too.

You have but to go to Westminster Abbey, or St. Paul's, or to other places where Great Britain buries its heroic dead, to see how its warriors of the sea are honored. You have but to go to the various parts of Great Britain, or to walk the streets, or to visit places where men congregate, to note how paramount in the life and affairs of the country the navy and navy men are. Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen exalt the sailor. He is, and long has been, and has ever proved to be, the bulwark of the nation.

The American editors came to a certain city in the north, and then were taken in a motorbus to a landing place. It was a journey pastoral and peaceful, even to its last stages. The first sight of war's actualities—except, of course, uniformed men, who are everywhere—was of several great searchlights and anti-aircraft guns, located in the heart of a vegetable garden. Then from the top of a hill, through a vale in which coursed a stream winding its placid way among trees loaded down with the beautiful foliage of

Autumn in England—or Scotland, as the case may be—was caught suddenly the sheen of distant waters, in which lay a mighty ship.

The editors went on, and the vision instantly disappeared. An aeroplane came over the hills, and circled over and around the moving car, quite apparently in justifiable suspicion of the approach of the visitors. Then a great biplane soared slowly along, high in the blue sky.

The silver white sides of an observation balloon next caught the eye; and then another and another, and more others. We had already seen enough of war to know that a great navy is not now merely an aggregation of ships, but that balloons and aeroplanes are their indispensable outposts. The fleet was near.

At the water there was a confused flotilla of torpedo-boats, and destroyers and patrols, and other units of the mosquito fleet. By what sad blunder of popular definition did these dreaded wasps of the waters become known as mosquitoes? Some of them are as large as light cruisers. All of them, of whatever type, have had a share in the necessary work of running down the skulking submarine. Without them the war would long ago have been over.

Out in the harbor was a dreadnought, the perfect image—if photography tells anybody anything—of that supreme battleship, the Queen Elizabeth, which first blazed her thunderous way through mined waters toward the forts of Gallipoli. She was long and low, and dark, and terrible—simple and clear in her formidable outlines. Her great guns peered out from their turrets; her smaller guns lined her frowning sides.

There was no motion, no stir, no sign of life around her, except a launch or two at her landing steps. At the stern of the little boat flew an Admiral's pennant. At her masthead waved another. Evidently she was the flagship. There was no evidence whatever that the advent of the editors had created either excitement or consternation.

Near the flagship were other floating and motionless monsters, much like her. They were capital ships, each the peer of anything afloat, and all together the unquestionable superiors. Beyond was a long vista of lesser

vessels, big, little, fast, slow, modern, combatant or non-combatant—all organized into distinct units, for instant and efficient action.

As a picture it was perfect. As a spectacle it was glorious. As a lesson it was an incomparable exhibition of national power. It was the culmination of a thousand years of Great Britain's mastery of the seas. No doubting American who has wondered what England has done in the war could fail to find his answer here. It was complete, all-convincing, tremendous. This fleet saved Great Britain from early defeat. It saved the allied cause. It made possible America's effective entry into the war. It is the foundation and backbone of the entire opposition to Germany's plan to conquer the world.

The editors saw it all—all that was lying there waiting for the Germans to come out. Perhaps they will, but the British, and their allies, the Americans, fear they will stay timorously at Kiel and Heligoland to the end. The American battleships were away on cruise. But the visitors were not greatly disappointed. It was evidence that Admiral Rodman and his sailors were there to work, and not to play.*

LONDON, ENGLAND, OCTOBER 18, 1918.

*The location of the grand fleet was the Firth of Forth, Rosyth, near Edinburgh. There were about 500 vessels on the water at the time of the visit. There were about 40 capital ships—dreadnoughts—and a great variety of lesser craft. The most interesting ship was the *Courageous*, an unarmored cruiser, 900 feet long, with 100,000 horsepower and capable of 36 knots. She is doubtless the fastest cruiser in the world. Later, on the Clyde, there was an inspection of a partly-built cruiser which was to excel the *Courageous*, with 120,000 horsepower—more than twice the propulsive capacity of the great *Leviathan*.

EIGHTH LETTER.

TRAVELING THE BANQUET ROUTE.

THE American editors have returned to London from their jaunt through Scotland and the north of England. They saw Edinburgh and the grand fleet; Glasgow and the vast maritime activities of the Clyde River; Carlisle and the famous Gretna munitions works, employing many thousand women; and they came back with rather kaleidoscopic impressions of great sights and little discomforts; big doings and hasty looks at them; cordial welcomes everywhere and small chance to requite them.

The Scotch are a hospitable people, most hospitable. If any of the visitors went there with the notion that they would be stiff and strange, they came back with quite a different opinion. The editors were received and entertained in Edinburgh, Glasgow and Carlisle by the respective corporations, headed by the Lord Provosts in the Scottish cities and the Lord Mayors on this side of the line.

They made a special point in each instance of presenting to the Americans a full view of their leading officials and most distinguished citizens. There were banquets, of course, and they were quite sumptuous affairs.

The Scottish dinner under official auspices is a ceremonious affair. The Lord Provost presides, in his glittering regalia. The various municipal dignitaries are also there, fully accoutred. If there is a Lord or two or a half dozen Baronets and an eminent scientist, or doctor, or barrister, or politician, all are expected to be on hand. It is no place for anyone who cannot show a good reason why he should have a part in representing the city's dignity, prestige and interest.

The hosts and guests assemble in the reception-room, and there are formal presentations all around. Then the

announcer — if that is his title — or toastmaster, in a bright red coat, begins to call out names, and, led by the Lord Provost, they march into the banquet-room, in procession. It is a most convenient and orderly arrangement and besides it settles at once all questions of precedence, which are important here.

After the dinner, which is elaborate, the Lord Provost proposes a toast to the King, and all solemnly sing the national anthem. Then there is a toast to the President, if the visitors are American, and they are expected to sing the "Star-Spangled Banner" or "America."

At Edinburgh, the editors were taken a little unawares and did nothing but sit there, songless and motionless. Their hosts were polite enough not to say anything about the omission, but they were plainly disappointed.

At Glasgow the Americans concluded that something must be done, and they rehearsed the "Star Spangled Banner" in advance, under the leadership of one of them who knew the first verse, or said he did. Anyway, he had a loud voice, and wasn't afraid to make it heard.

Later, at the banquet, they triumphantly rose to the occasion by gathering in one end of the banquet hall and lifting their voices in song. There was some stumbling and mumbling and the tune was pitched very high, but on the whole the effort was a success and led to uproarious approval by the Scotch — or what passes in Scotland and England for noisy applause.

The favorite method here is to say "hear, hear," and to tap the table politely, and not too vigorously, with one hand. For much pounding, of course, would make the dishes rattle; but the result on the whole is satisfactory.

The Lord Provost makes a long speech of welcome and praises America and the spokesman of the editors replies in an address equally long, praising the Scotch and the English and all hands, and everybody then adjourns to the assembly hall, where some time is spent in getting better acquainted.

When 10 o'clock comes everybody goes home. Since the dinner is begun not earlier than 7 o'clock, it will be seen that the Scotch waste no great amount of time in eating

and drinking and speechifying, which is more than can be said truthfully of some Americans.

But there is never a shortage of food or drink—not at all. There is plenty, and more, of both. It is said that the production of liquor has been reduced in Great Britain about 70 per cent. Evidently they are conserving the supply for the entertainment and refreshment of visiting Americans.

At Carlisle, just across the line in England from Scotland, is being conducted a great experiment in public control of the manufacture and sale of liquor. It is so unusual a departure from the traditional rule in England of leaving every man and woman to his or her own devices, so far as liquor is concerned, that the subject will be treated in a later letter.

For the present it is sufficient to say that with the location of the great Gretna works, near Carlisle, employing thousands of men and women, there was much drinking and drunkenness after work hours, for the most part. The situation speedily got beyond control, as it did elsewhere, and the government, making special provision for limiting the open time for the public houses to 5½ hours (2½ in midday and three at night) throughout the realm, decided to take over entire supervision of liquor sales at Carlisle.

Many "pubs" were closed, others were maintained and some of them were turned into eating houses and numerous other innovations were made. The result is that drunkenness has decreased heavily, and the problem has been measurably solved, in the English view.

It is a novelty to see women behind the bars dispensing liquor; and it is no less a novelty to find a woman licensee of a large place, now conducting it for the Liquor Control, as a "pub" and restaurant.

Women drink at the bars with the men, though not in great numbers; and young boys and girls enter freely, take their places at table and order whatever they want. There is an age limit, to be sure, but it varies from 16 to 18 years, dependent on what the minor asks for.

The presence of these young people in such places is frankly deplorable; but it is thought here that it is better

to have them under observation, in duly licensed and orderly places, than to permit them to get their food and drink in other ways, leading to practices even more dissolute or vicious.

The English have not got to the point where they regard regulation as a compromise with an evil thing. They scout prohibition and will have none of it, in war time or in peace.

The Liquor Control Board, which has been the chief factor in Carlisle's affairs, gave the visitors their usual banquet. The corporation officers were all there. They told with satisfaction what they had done to improve a bad condition, and what they hope to do.

Unquestionably it was a great deal. They served wine, of course—a greater variety than had been seen on any similar occasion. Immediate access to the sources of supply doubtless made it easy for them.

The banquet is likely to give the visitor a wrong idea of England and Scotland in war time. Getting what you want at a hotel is ordinarily no easy job.

The principal hostelries in the provincial towns, such as Liverpool, Edinburgh and Carlisle, are fine establishments, ordered differently, however, from the American institution. There are no baths except the common bath; no running water in rooms, no heat except in assembly or reading-rooms, and no lights except one or possibly two, which you are enjoined to use as little as possible. But the beds are good and the service under the conditions is excellent.

In the restaurants you can get no sugar, as a rule, and it is not easy to eat Scotch porridge or drink English coffee without something to kill the taste. There is very little butter, and you must have a ration card to get meats, except a limited supply of ham or bacon. There is no cream, and eggs are not plentiful.

At Carlisle one of the visitors was a trifle overcome by the too profuse hospitality, and he decided to stay in bed on the day following the banquet. He wanted a little milk toast and a soft-boiled egg for his breakfast, with some weak tea, and he asked the obliging maid to get them. She came back in due time with a cold bun—there is no

such thing as hot bread here—and coffee with thin milk. “No heggs in the ’ouse,” she said. “You cawn’t have milk with tea, so I fetched you coffee, ’cos I could get milk with it.”

That was all, and it was a sad meal; but later he managed by cajolery and by practices approaching bribery to persuade the management that an exception should be made for an American sojourner, and he got an egg, tea with milk, toast (not buttered) and a bowl of hot milk. There was no sugar, but in the circumstances he was bound to be satisfied.

Now the editors are back in London, and they are to leave for France tomorrow. They are to cross the channel, weather and military exigencies permitting, by airplane. They are told that it is practically as safe as by water. After their experiences with storms in crossing the Atlantic they are prepared to believe that any place but the water is comparatively secure. Yet some of them are perhaps a trifle nervous about their new venture. However, it will all be over, one way or the other, by the time this letter is read; so there is no need for anyone to worry—now.

LONDON, ENGLAND, OCTOBER 20, 1918.

NINTH LETTER.

THE FLIGHT THAT FAILED.

AS I WAS saying when interrupted several weeks ago by an incident not arranged in the schedule—a collision with a lorrie and then with a tree, somewhere in France—the intrepid editors, a dozen in number, were about to fly in an aeroplane across the English Channel. It was all provided as a special treat for men who had come a long way to look at the war, and who were ready for any experience that gave an assurance of a maximum of thrills with a minimum of danger.

It is only a few years since the crossing of the Channel in the air was first successfully negotiated. Flying in heavier-than-air machines, first an exploit, then a pastime, now is a profession. France did more than others to develop the sport—so long as it was sport. French aviators were the best in the world. Venturesome Frenchmen tried repeatedly to fly to London, and regularly failed. But one day it was done by a Frenchman named Bleriot, and another milepost was passed in the progress of safe aerial navigation.

Now there is no novelty about the passage from England to France—or the other way—at any height up to 20,000 feet above the land and water. It is done every day. Indeed, it has been done many thousand times since the war began, in as many different aeroplanes. They do not ship English air machines as freight from the manufactory to the front. They fly them over. That is what they are for.

The great English assembly station for air machines is at Lympne, about six miles from Folkestone, in the south-east of England. The editors were taken there by train from London on a certain Monday morning—October 21—

and there they were to embark in a Handley-Page airplane with a perfectly competent pilot.

It should be said that the intending passengers were a trifle particular about both the pilot and the airplane. They did not feel that they were justified in making any experiments, such, for illustration, as embarking with an aviator who didn't know the way in a machine that hadn't been there before.

There was some talk, too, about the practical necessity of taking so large a machine very high in the air, so that, if anything happened to the engines, the navigator could have ample time and space to volplane—slide, or glide or toboggan—gracefully and easily to land—not water. If she lit in the channel, the chances of saving the airplane would be slight. It occurred to the editors that the prospect of rescuing the inmates of the small prison, called the fuselage, which contains the living freight, would also be slight; but the safety of the people aboard did not seem to enter greatly into the calculations of the British authorities.

A Handley-Page, with its powerful motors, and its great usefulness in bombing expeditions, and similar warlike enterprises, is not easily replaced. One of them costs many thousand dollars and it takes a long time to build. The particular vehicle in which we were to embark had engines of 800-horsepower, and was capable of carrying twenty passengers. We had seen under construction at the Beardmore plant on the Clyde a Handley-Page with motors of 2000-horsepower. Undoubtedly it could carry many tons of explosives, and sail to Berlin and back—unless the Germans stopped it. The whole trip would, of course, have to be made at night. To a machine going 120 miles an hour a round trip from England to Berlin presents no special difficulties, as far as distance is concerned.

The day was cloudy and misty, with an absence of wind, and to the uninitiated it seemed ideal for an air voyage. The clouds would hide the machine from any prying German eyes, or wandering German aces, out for a record—just think of some murderous Prussian pirate bagging twelve American journalists at once!—and the landing could be made on the other side in the quiet of the breezeless shores. But

just there the pleasant bubble of editorial imagination got a rude pin-prick. If it was rainy or foggy in France, they were told, it would be dangerous to land at all. With so weighty and ponderous a machine, it was vital that the pilot see exactly where he was going, and know where he was all the time, and be able to land in a place with ample room for any necessary maneuver. If he got lost in a fog, he was likely to hit the earth unexpectedly—and then where was he, and everybody?

"However," said the Scotch Colonel in command at Lympe, "it may clear up this afternoon, and if you feel like going, probably you won't mind just a slight chance of a difficult landing."

"Oh, not at all, not at all," chorused the editors, "though of course we wouldn't for the world have you take the risk of damaging a valuable Handley-Page machine on our account. We can, if necessary, go in the same old way, by boat."

Meanwhile, the visitors were shown about the Lympe plant and field. There were about twenty hangars, each inhabited by many machines, some of them for repairs, others for assembly or rebuilding, and all for service at the front. They varied in size from the small Spad to the great Handley-Page. Each had its own peculiar merits, or was designed for particular service. No description of them can be attempted here, for nothing remains in memory but a vast and confused picture of many hundred man-made flyers, with their spreading wings, their powerful motors, and their distinctive marks to show that they belonged to the English service.

The editors kept an anxious eye on the distant horizon of France. There, across the calm waters of the peaceful channel the clouds hung low, so that the outlook for a pleasant sail was quite gloomy. But the aviators at Lympe were not greatly disturbed by overhead conditions. One after another took his machine from its hangar and sailed off into space. They didn't go to France. They were merely testing re-made or repaired airplanes, and getting ready for the afternoon excursion. For it was said that a large fleet of airplanes, designed for war use, would be

taken over at the same time, with the grand flight of the editors.

The Colonel invited his guests to luncheon at Lympne Castle, an ancient rendezvous of the Archbishop of Canterbury, now headquarters of a small division of the aviation corps. In an hour or two, he said, it would be possible to determine whether the impatient and irrepressible desire of the twelve daring editors to face all the hazards of an aerial adventure might not be realized. Before the meal was over, the Colonel was called to the telephone, and shortly he returned with a beaming countenance.

"I have just heard from France," he answered, "and everything looks better. Probably the fog will clear away in an hour or two."

This cheerful news was received by the editors with dignified calmness. Certainly they were glad, and they were ready. But would it be too much trouble for the Colonel to telephone to France at least once more before the time set for embarkation?

Returning to the aerodromes, the editors saw that things were indeed being got in readiness for the mighty venture. It gets very cold a few thousand feet in the air and there were special coats, electrically heated, for all. There they were, piled in a heap, ready for distribution. The Handley-Page was hauled out of its cell before their eyes, by a tractor, and workmen got busy testing the apparatus, adjusting the wings, trying the engine and speeding the propeller. It was a nervous moment, but there were no visible signs of heart failure in any editor—not one.

However, it was thought prudent to remind the obliging Colonel that he had promised once more to investigate the situation on the French front, and he did it. The voyageurs meanwhile prepared to say their farewells to English soil, to which they had become much attached in their few weeks' stay, and to climb aboard. In a few minutes the Colonel came out of his office with an obvious appearance of consternation. He did not leave anybody long in doubt as to what had happened. "It's all off," he said. "It's raining in France, and the fogs are settling down, and you'll have to go by water."

The journalists contrived somehow to conceal their great disappointment—some of them, indeed, gave way to a hilarity which was entirely simulated—and prepared to take the motorcar provided by the Colonel for Folkestone, to board the Channel boat.

The boat was to sail at 3:30 P. M. There were necessary preliminaries about passports and other formalities to be observed. All these things were done in time to embark on the fast Channel packet, with about 2000 English soldiers returning to the front after furloughs at home.

The passengers were reminded that the submarine menace was still much alive, for they were all notified that they must put on life-belts and wear them all the way across. Yet it is known that the protection of the Channel is so perfectly arranged that in the entire course of the war the life of no British soldier has been lost on the short passage to France. The unexpected happens, however, and any relaxation of caution could not be justified. The only incident was the meeting of an airship escorting a returning transport.

The waters were quiet, contrary to rule, and the passage was pleasant. The destination was Boulogne, and the harbor was reached about 6 o'clock—in the dark. A wait of several weary hours was suffered, because of the tides—it was said—and then a landing was effected. The party was met by two British officers with automobiles. There was dinner at a French restaurant—minus butter, milk, sugar, as in England—and at 10 o'clock the start was made to Radinghem—the visitors' chateau—which was to be our rendezvous during the stay at the British front. After two hours of swift riding in the night over a fair road and through stately trees—Lombardy poplars—Radinghem was reached shortly before midnight.

The British government has found that the visit of civilians to the war front is an evil which it must endure, and has provided a place for them at Radinghem. It is a fine chateau, about 30 miles east of Boulogne, reasonably convenient for various British sectors, and equipped with everything the most exacting guest might want. To the unpracticed eye, it seemed a very old chateau, with its moat

and drawbridge, and grim-looking towers. But, in fact, it is quite a modern structure, having been built about fifty years ago by an Englishman, on the plans of a former chateau. It has no heating plant or bathrooms, but it has electric light and modern furniture, and an excellent cuisine.

The editors were comfortably stowed away, each in a room for himself, ready for their first encounter with war as it is, on the morrow.

P. S.—The London papers have an account of a flight over the city of a Handley-Page with forty passengers. Speed of 100 miles per hour was maintained, and a great height was reached. Nothing else happened. Among those not present were the American editors.

RADINGHEM, FRANCE, NOVEMBER 5, 1918.

TENTH LETTER.

THE GRAND ENTRY INTO THE WAR ZONE.

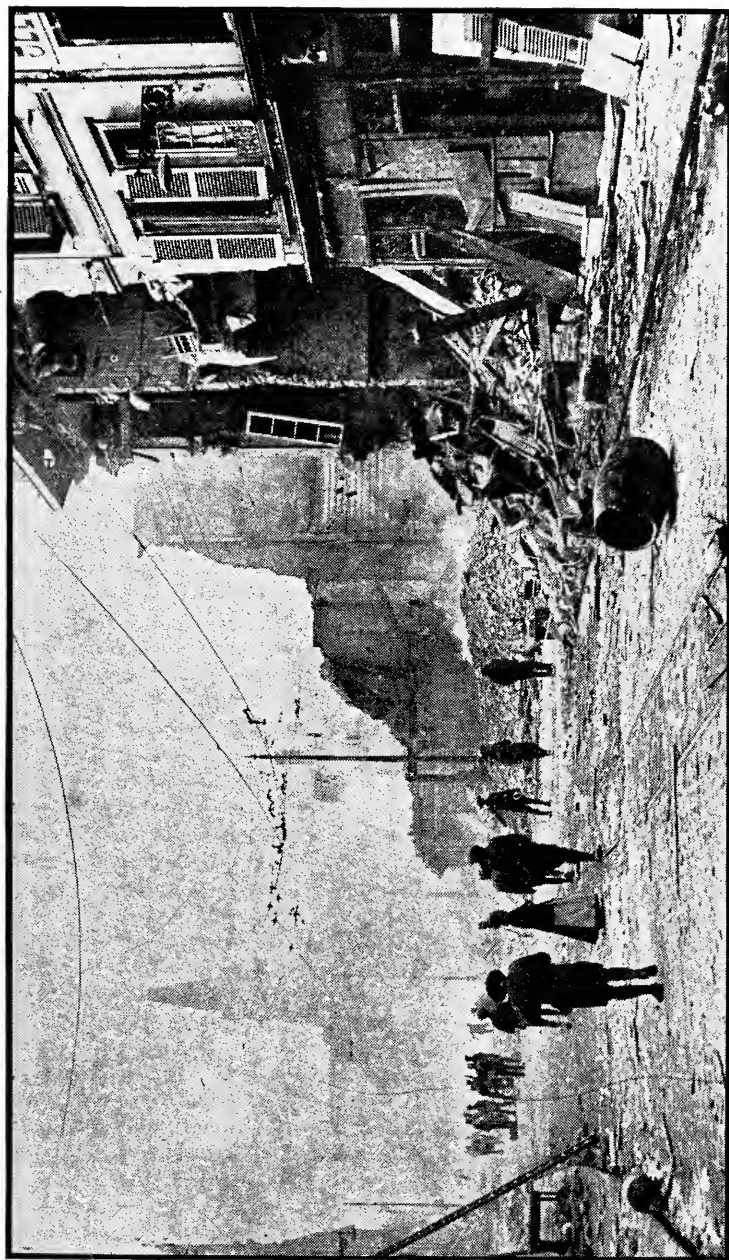
STORIES are told that soldiers have been known to wear gas masks through the terrors of an all-day fight and then to go to their dugouts, or any convenient shellhole, and sleep comfortably all night without once removing the hideous headgear. Doubtless the masks have saved thousands of lives, and doubtless the strict rules made for the wearing of such safety devices by soldiers and by civilians, too, are necessary.

There are still extant painted signboards on 100 battlefields notifying the wayfarer that at a designated place he must put on his mask. There is a danger zone where gas shells may fall at any time, and the Germans never abandoned their notion that they might asphyxiate their foes by drenching them with a cloud of poisonous vapors.

Probably the wearer in time gets used to the gas mask nuisance, though he must learn an entirely new scheme of breathing. Just how they instruct horses in the art of using the thing is a mystery, but they do it. It may be as important to save the life of a horse as of a man.

The editors were given steel helmets and gas masks at Radinghem and told that they must go through a preliminary drill and learn to adjust the covering in seven seconds or less, before they would be permitted to expose themselves to the surviving risks of the war zone. It was a hard task, but they heroically set about it. Then, after various tests and adjustments, they were all put in a gas chamber to see that no mistakes had been made. It was an ordeal, but all came through without mishap. Then they were informed that they must keep the masks and helmets by them in every situation. They did.

The start from Radinghem was made about 9:30 A. M. on October 22 in six headquarters' automobiles under the es-



A STREET IN AMIENS, FRANCE.

cort of several British officers. The itinerary for the day was to include Bethune, Givenchy, Armentieres, Bailleul, Hazebrouck and Aire and, if possible, the important city of Lille, for four years in German hands and just now abandoned by them in their grand strategic retreat to the supposed safety of Germany.

At Fruges, a little town only a few miles on the way, there was the first real encounter with the doleful results of war, if not with its actuality. It was a funeral, a strange and interesting affair. The day was cloudy, with occasional showers and the roads had a surface of sticky mud.

Up the hill from the center of the village came the little procession. At the head was a padre, bearing aloft a crucifix. Followed a group of boys with flowers. Then came the body on a stretcher covered with a French flag and borne by women and boys. Twenty or more women, all in the deepest black, completed the sorrowful parade. There was no man in the entire company, except the priest.

All were on foot and all plodded their way through the rain and slime without apparent thought of aught but their duty to their dead friend and neighbor, who may or may not have been a soldier. But whoever and whatever he was there is no doubt about the status of those poor women in black.

It was something of a surprise to note that the fields were thoroughly cultivated and that many men and women were at work, digging potatoes, or beets. On the roads were numerous two-wheeled carts, each drawn by a single horse, with an occasional four-wheeled vehicle for two horses. Old men, boys and occasionally women, were the drivers.

In journeys covering many miles through France, curiosity as to why the carts all had high wheels and the wagons very little wheels was never fully satisfied.

The first stop was at St. Pol, a considerable town, policed by British soldiers. The initial evidence of Hun destructiveness was seen here. The entire front of a church lay in ruins.

No effort had been made to clear away the debris. We were to learn later the utter hopelessness of any effort to remove the wreckage made by German guns or bombers.

Only the roads are kept clear. The St. Pol church had been the target of a German air raider.

A tire was to be changed, and a member of the party sought a tobacconist's to buy a cigar. Into a dark little place, with a "tabac" sign at its front, he made his way, and found two women inside. He asked in English for a cigar and the woman clerk shook her head sadly and reached down behind the counter, and produced an empty cigar box. It had been months since it was possible to buy a cigar in that town.

This is as good a place as any to record that the scarcest commodity in England or in France, is an American cigarette, outside the commissary of the American Army or the Y. M. C. A.

Through Bruay, a large coal mining center, from which France has had most of its coal, so far as French supply goes, since the war began, the party went. The mines elsewhere were mostly in German hands. The town was well-ordered and apparently prosperous, though quite near the Hindenburg line and unquestionably subject to frequent air raids. No place in France anywhere near the fighting has been spared the dread visitations of the night-bomber.

The transition from scenes of peace to the exclusive war zone was sudden. The infallible evidence everywhere of conflict, or of preparation for it, is the barbed-wire entanglement. It covers the face of the earth all over the war area. It was the common device of protection and torture for both sides. When a soldier was not fighting or mending a road, or digging a trench, or constructing a dugout, he was stringing barbed wire where it would do the most good and most harm.

On the right and left of the road from Bruay to Bethune were miles and miles of wire barriers, and other miles of trenches, with no sign of life anywhere except the moving lorries and the occasional companies of soldiers along the highways. We had run into a fleet of American ambulances going somewhere at top speed immediately after leaving Radinghem. Then we had passed a regiment plodding along in heavy marching order. They were back from

the front, resting, it was said; but it was thought they needed exercise, and they were getting it. They were even wearing their tin hats. They grinned cheerfully at the passing Americans.

Bethune, a town which figured pre-eminently in the war news of 1914-15, was in the region of fire for long months and years, and there was not much of it left. Buildings were a wreck, walls were laid low or punctured by flying shells, and on all sides was waste or ruin. Yet, strange to say, half-destroyed homes were inhabited by tenants, who had either stuck it out through all the fearful agonies of long days and nights, or, having been driven out, had returned to try and set up again their household gods.

The first main objective of the party was Givenchy, on the La Basse Canal. Here was the heart of the fighting zone of that part of the Ypres sector; here was the original Windy corner, a crossroads that was ever under German fire, and here, too, was the famous Moat farm, where the tide of battle raged fiercest in the great offensive of last April, and where by desperate work the German advance was held.

Twenty-eight men occupied a cement pillbox—small fortification—at Moat farm. It was hit by a direct shot from a 12-inch shell, and twenty-four of the valiant twenty-eight were killed outright. But the four held on for four days and nights, resisting every assault, and by their gallant and effective resistance keeping the Germans at bay. Almost the same scenes were enacted at a neighboring place known as Pringle's Pride. Here, too, a few men refused to retreat or to surrender. All were finally rescued and the day was saved.

Until recently the line about Givenchy and Moat Farm has not varied more than four miles for four years. It has been an area of continuous fighting. It was never a "quiet" sector, but every inch of it has been exposed to fire from one side or the other, or both. The soldier who saw service there will never have reason to complain that he was not in the thick of it all the time. It was trench life and trench warfare par excellence. Everywhere are thickets and jungles of barbed wire, and everywhere are trenches.

Some are, or were, German, and some English. Some that were German became English and vice versa. No one could be sure of permanent tenure, unless he died on the spot; and many, very many, did just that.

Over on a gentle eminence a half mile from the historic Moat Farm is what is left of Givenchy. It had a church—perhaps more than one—and houses, and other places where are carried on the affairs of a small community. Now all is gone—everything. In its place, and for miles and miles around, is one great desert of desolation, all the fruit and inheritance of war.

There was no living soul anywhere but the civilian visitors, the numerous soldiers—they are everywhere—and a lone padre. He was digging away with a spade near the wreckage of the church. It had been his charge. It was said that when, several years ago, his parishioners disappeared, before the tempest of fire and death that swept this unhappy area, many of them had given the padre their little treasures, such as jewels and other ornaments, and he had buried them safe from German confiscation. Now he was back to reclaim them. But the ancient landmarks are all gone, and, although he has searched for days, he has been unable to find the things he put away too securely many months ago.

Near by, too, are the remains of the once thriving town of La Bassee. Not a building is left, not one. It was most of the time in the German grip, and it was subjected to the fire of the British. They did a complete job.

It is an awesome experience to climb up the steep ladder of the tall cement observation tower at Windy Corner and look over the landscape. Not a structure of any kind anywhere. Not a wall intact. Not a telephone or telegraph pole. Not an inch of soil devoted to the uses of the farm. Here and there a tree, but most trees were down. Only a great circle of bleakness and devastation and horror.

Only on the highways is to be seen any living movement, and they are often obscured by the side coverings of grass or cloth that have been painstakingly put up to curtain the operations of the troops or automobiles. In the ground are great holes, and about them are piled the dirt and debris

of war. One dares not kick an object in the road or in the field for fear that it will explode. How is it all to be cleared up and rededicated to the ways of peace?

RADINGHEM, FRANCE, NOVEMBER 6, 1918.

ELEVENTH LETTER,

LILLE AND ITS DELIVERANCE.

WE WERE not sure about Lille. It had been for four years and four days in the German possession, and the evacuation had occurred but five days previously. The Hun has an unpleasant way of leaving behind him reminders of his occupation, and of his reluctance to get out, in the shape of buried mines with time fuses, or deadly gas deposits, which overcome those who chance to encounter them.

General Birdwood, commander of the Fifth Army, had given our escort a pass for the editorial party with the injunction that if the guard at Lille thought it imprudent to enter we were to stay out.

For twenty or more miles the party traveled through a completely denuded territory—ruined homes, ravaged fields, leveled trees, miles of ghastly trenches, endless stretches of barbed wire, all the debris and offal of war. The eye grew tired with the monotony of ruin and ceased to be beguiled by even the most freakish performance of shot or shell.

The roads, however, were kept in fair repair—basalt blocks, mostly. Lorries loaded with soldiers or with stores were always going or coming. Usually they kept to the right of the road, where they belonged.

There is a town of Loos, which is a suburb of Lille, somewhat remote from that other Loos which has so often figured in the war news. As we neared Loos, a lone woman was seen hunting for something in the field. She was the first of her sex to be discovered in many, many miles.

Here and there was a signboard of some kind, in German, marking the roads, or the headquarters of a regiment, or pointing the way to a hospital or amusement center, or

carrying the characteristic and strictly German "verboten." No one had yet had the time or the interest to remove these offensive relics of the German occupation. After awhile there was a garden, a cheery oasis in the vast stretches that seemed able to produce nothing but empty shells and a wilderness of wire, and ditches and dirt heaps and yawning holes. Probably it had been cultivated by some frugal German. Then more fields of vegetables appeared. The Germans were determined not to be starved.

Along the road came a woman and a child hauling on a two-wheeled cart a big heap of household goods. Soon there were others, women, children, old men, headed for somewhere, with furniture and bedding and other homely stores. They were French refugees, and they were going home—if they had anything left of what had formerly been home—from wherever they had been during four weary years.

The party entered Loos and found a French flag waving from the window of the first house. Loos had not been entirely spared from British fire, and later it was seen that other suburbs had suffered much; but Lille itself was intact.

Lille is surrounded by a great embankment of earth, mounted by heavy guns, and has the status of a fortified city. But it suited both the British humanity, or strategy, and the German policy to spare it from assault or destruction. The Germans had possession, and expected, or wanted, to stay, and there remained a French population of many thousands which would have suffered much from British bombardment.

The Douai Canal enters Loos and Lille. The freshest sign of the recent German presence was a bridge in the water, destroyed upon his retirement. But it was at once replaced by a temporary wooden structure, and there was no delay. Soon the party entered Lille.

The buildings everywhere were surmounted by the French colors, with an occasional British flag. Prominent on a building was a great sign in English, "Welcome to our British deliverers." It was meant not for us, but for the army which but recently had driven out the invader.

The streets were filled with women and children, who stood at corners, or on the walks, and invariably bowed and smiled, or waved their hands. Near the center of the town the crowds increased, mostly women, many children, few men. The strangers were attracting great attention. It was the first civilian party, not German, that had been seen in Lille in four years. The people, long cooped in an alien cage, were anxious for diversion, and to see friendly faces, and more than eager to tell their stories.

The excursionists stopped at the public square, and were quickly surrounded by a throng of excited and voluble women, and a sprinkling of men. They told many tales of the German domination. One girl, who had made herself particularly obnoxious by her incurable French loyalty, said she had been arrested twelve times on trifling charges, and had once been fed for seventeen days on bread and water, and made to sleep on a board.

A woman narrated at great length the town's troubles, and gave many instances of petty Prussian tyranny. She made also the statement that 5000 young girls of Lille had been deported to Germany—an accusation that was supported in an address to President Wilson, made later by the people of Lille, asking him to take measures to ascertain their whereabouts and to return them. It was said, too, that about the same number of young Frenchmen had been sent to Germany.

The population had suffered much from scarcity of food and high prices. Two pounds of meat, it was said, cost 50 francs (\$10), and other things were in proportion. It must be said, however, that the people showed few signs of the long stress. They were smiling and jubilant and looked anything but starved. One was asked where all the French flags came from, how they had been successfully concealed from the Germans. She replied that she had kept her flag under her mattress; and other women had done the same. The strategy of the patriotic French women was complete, for hardly a building was without its display of the tri-color.

The editorial party again took up its journey, and as the suburbs were neared once more encountered the motley procession of carts, barrows, hand vehicles of all kinds and

descriptions. There were no horses or ponies, few men, but women and children, women and children pulling along their domestic belongings to destinations known only to them. One carry-all, a shaky affair of two big wheels, had in its box two prostrate persons, evidently invalids, and it was drawn by a sturdy female and three children. One cart was stuck on a railroad crossing, and 20 people were trying to get it over. Occasionally, but not often, some one was leading a cow; but cows are near-luxuries in France; and it is not now a country of luxury.

These people were going back to abandoned homes, some of them ruined, doubtless, and others perhaps left intact. They had lived, very likely, outside the Lille wall and had not been exempt from shellfire and had gone away in fear, taking what they could and leaving what they must. Now the Hun was gone and they were safe and they were going bravely back to begin life again. Not many of them had much to begin it with, but they were far from being a disconsolate or discouraged lot. Had they not been rescued from the enemy's thrall? Was not La Belle France their own again?

To the west of Lille a few miles is Armentieres, once a thriving town of 30,000 people. First it was bombarded and taken by the Germans, and then it suffered from British reprisals. There are left only a few ghastly walls. It is a great heap of shapeless brick, plaster and stone. Where have the people gone? What have they to come back to? It is a hopeless prospect for the evicted population.

A little further on is Bailleul with 10,000 or 15,000 population. It, too, has changed hands several times in the war, and has borne the usual consequences. It is razed to the ground. Nobody home.

Hasebrouck, which was also in the editorial line of march, had been frequently fired on, and was much damaged. But the British had held on, and the people had largely stayed, and now they have a fair start toward rebuilding their city.

Back at night to Radingham, after a day's journey of about 140 miles, which had covered an important sector of the British war front, and had included in turn the follow-

ing towns and cities: Fruges, St. Pol, Bruay, Bethune, Givenchy, La Bassee, Lille, Armentieres, Bailleul, Hasebrouck, Aire. It was all very hasty, but it was adequate. No one had left any illusions about the glories of war.

There was a single bright light in the darkness of a terrible day—the hope and cheer and optimism of the people of Lille. It was their hour of deliverance. One cannot but wonder what might be the state of mind of the people of Portland—which is but little larger than Lille—if they were to be subjected to capture by an unfeeling and unscrupulous enemy, and to be kept in thrall by him for four appalling years.

RADINGHEM, FRANCE, NOVEMBER 7, 1918.

TWELFTH LETTER.

VIMY RIDGE.

VIMY RIDGE marked the crest of German endeavor in the bloody and bitter region between Lens, which the Germans took and held, and Arras, which the allies had, and held.

It is a sloping eminence of noble contour, rising out of the characteristic evenness of Middle France, and it extends for six or eight miles along its top and is probably two or three miles in its widest dimension. It isn't much of a hill, as hills go in America, but it has distinct topographical proportions and is a natural defensive position.

It is the graveyard of many valiant soldiers, on both sides, and it is, too, the graveyard of any hope of a German advance on the middle British front. The French lost it early in the war and laid long and determined siege to it. It is said that the total number of French casualties in the futile attack on Vimy were more than 200,000.

The vast number of French graves in the area behind Vimy proves that the losses were very great. There are Canadian and British graves, too, farther up the rise.

The Canadians took Vimy in the Spring of 1917. They took it at great cost; but they took it. They had moved in about October, 1916, after their great exploit at Paaschendaale. The British had failed there and so had the Australians, but the Canadians did not fail.

It was their superior strategy, perhaps. They made a feint attack in one direction and engaged the Germans there, and then suddenly moved around on the Boche flank and beat him.

The Canadians modestly say that they had better luck at Paaschendaale than the others, for the British and Australians are fine soldiers, none better. The Australians

admit it, always. It is said in France that they say the Americans often fight as well as they do. They could give no higher praise.

The Canadian corps was sent from Paaschendaele to Vimy, without rest, and began the long preparation for the surprise assault in the Spring. There was a lot of tunneling and mining and one morning there was a great explosion and then the Canadians started out in force, supported by some Scotch and English troops, and in a few hours it was over.

The American editorial party visited Vimy only a few days after the Boche had retired from firing range. He had been driven down into the valley beyond, but he did not quit, but continued to turn his artillery on Vimy.

The Canadians and their allies were comfortably quartered, however, in the dugouts and entrenchments the German had elaborately built during the several years of his occupation. The German first captures his hill, or hole, if he can, and then proceeds in the most painstaking way to make it safe. His favorite abode of security is a dugout.

Vimy is fairly plastered with dugouts, built into the hillside, often of permanent cement construction and always with a view of rendering the enemy's artillery fire ineffective by making it possible, and even easy, to go far underground. How a man can live in a dugout day in and day out, for months at a time, without suffocation or insanity, passes all comprehension. But they did it, and probably thought themselves well off, so long as they were safe. Did not men exist somehow in the Flanders line for months and even years? The dugouts of Vimy were palaces of comfort beside the waterholes of Flanders.

The approach to Vimy from the west is by Mount St. Eloi. One may know that it is a mountain because they call it a mountain. It is a hill—an outpost of Vimy—surmounted by a high tower. The tower is a landmark for miles around and was long a pet target of long-range German fire. They hit it, too, but did not destroy it.

Then comes Vimy. The background is a complicated and very extensive system of entrenchments, with hundreds and even thousands of emplacements for big guns, and the

customary trenches and barbed wire. If the Germans held the ridge for many months, the allies had the whole broad expanse of the approach, and they made life unbearable for their foe above. He paid his respects in his turn to the men below.

Down in a little exposed angle of the allied position rested the little village of Souchet. They take the curious traveler to Souchet even now to show him the ruthlessness of modern warfare. There are many larger places than this small town that have been completely wiped out, but Souchet was among the first to go, and its fame lingers. Where was a thriving little city are now a few crumbling walls and indistinguishable heaps of refuse that once were buildings. The grass has had time to grow over the graves of former homes, and the moss has begun to appear in the walls. First there was ruin, and now there is decay. The hand of time is completing the wreck made by man.

The party was taken to the top of the ridge and had luncheon there. It was an excellent meal and was eaten with relish. The fact is mentioned to show that the mind grows calloused by continuous scenes of desolation and death.

We were in the midst of 10,000 graves and were the sole visible survivors of a deadly struggle that had been waged for fifty months. Yet we did not fail to respond to the demands of appetite. Even soldiers must eat. Why should we starve ourselves?

Some one led the way to the apex of the rise, where there was a clear view of the valley beyond, with a white line marking the German trenches. The feet became constantly entangled in wires, buried in the grass. They were the communicating lines of the advance by the Canadians. Every company commander, when he can, leaves behind him a line to headquarters. There were hundreds of them. There were thousands and thousands of shells and cartridges with an occasional helmet. Generally the "tin hat" had a dent in it. Its tenant had thrown it away, perhaps because he could not use it; or there was even a better reason why he was through with it. A low hum came from the distant skies, and the tried

ears of the British officers reported that there were airplanes somewhere around. Soon they appeared. There were nineteen of them, and they were headed directly for Vimy Ridge. It might have been the Boche, but it wasn't. It was a fleet of allied flyers returning from some kind of an exploit over the German lines. They flew in V-shaped units of six — making eighteen in perfect formation. High above them in the rear was a single plane, sentinel and guard of all the others.

Where they had been or where they were going, it was not for the wondering spectators to know. But that it was a fine sight they are all prepared to bear witness. May they have been successful in their brave errand! And may all who went have come back!

After Vimy, there was a visit to Lens. It had been seized by the German four years ago and held by him through every effort to oust him. He had just gone. What he left behind was a fine city of 50,000 people absolutely depopulated and laid low. It was not done by the Boche, however, but by the British.

They had sought to make Lens untenable and their way was to subject it to an intense, continuous and overwhelming bombardment.

The French population fled. It had no recourse, except to stay and perish. How the Germans stood it is beyond understanding. There was no zone of safety, actual or comparative, in Lens. The Germans, of course, dug in, and grimly held on. If Armentieres was a wreck, if Bailleul was a waste, Lens was nothing, and worse. In the other places there was occasionally a wall intact, and often the shell of a structure remained.

But not Lens. If there was a single edifice in the heart of that once prosperous city that had so much as a stone or brick in place above its foundations, the eye did not discover it. It was confusion confounded, chaos unutterable. There was nothing fascinating or picturesque about the whole abject scene—just sordid and dreadful ruin. One pile of bricks or stones looked just like another. All had met the same fate. It was scientific and systematic frightfulness, and not a thing escaped, animate or inanimate,

that could possibly be reached by the searching fragments of a high explosive.

There was a regiment or two of Royal Engineers in Lens, clearing away the mess from the streets, or from some of them. It was possible to get through, but it was rough going.

How and when there may be another Lens the future will tell. The old must be carted away, and consigned to the refuse pile. The new cannot be even fairly started until the coal mines are cleared of the water with which the Germans flooded them. It will take months, and perhaps years; and it will take money, too.

There was a trip about the adjacent country, through a number of villages which had fared a little better than Lens. The start was then made for Arras, where there was to be a view of a cathedral which the Boche had destroyed, and a visit to a hospital or two. One member of the party—from Portland—was given an unexpected and undesired opportunity to observe the operations of more than one military hospital, from the inside.

The automobile in which he was riding, in company with Mr. E. H. O'Hara, of Syracuse, New York (editor of *The Herald*), attempted to pass a large lorry going in the same direction, about two miles out of Arras. The lorry, without warning, turned to the left, hitting the passing car, and driving it headlong into a tree at the roadside. O'Hara was cut about the face.

His companion, who was on the front seat, got the brunt of the collision. A piece of flying glass struck him in the forehead, and he was bruised about the body and legs. The driver was not badly hurt. A surgeon of the First British Army, who chanced to be passing, gave the injured men first aid and sent them on to a hospital at Arras—a Canadian clearing station.

RADINGHEM, FRANCE, NOVEMBER 8, 1918.

THIRTEENTH LETTER.

TWO UNWILLING CASUALTIES.

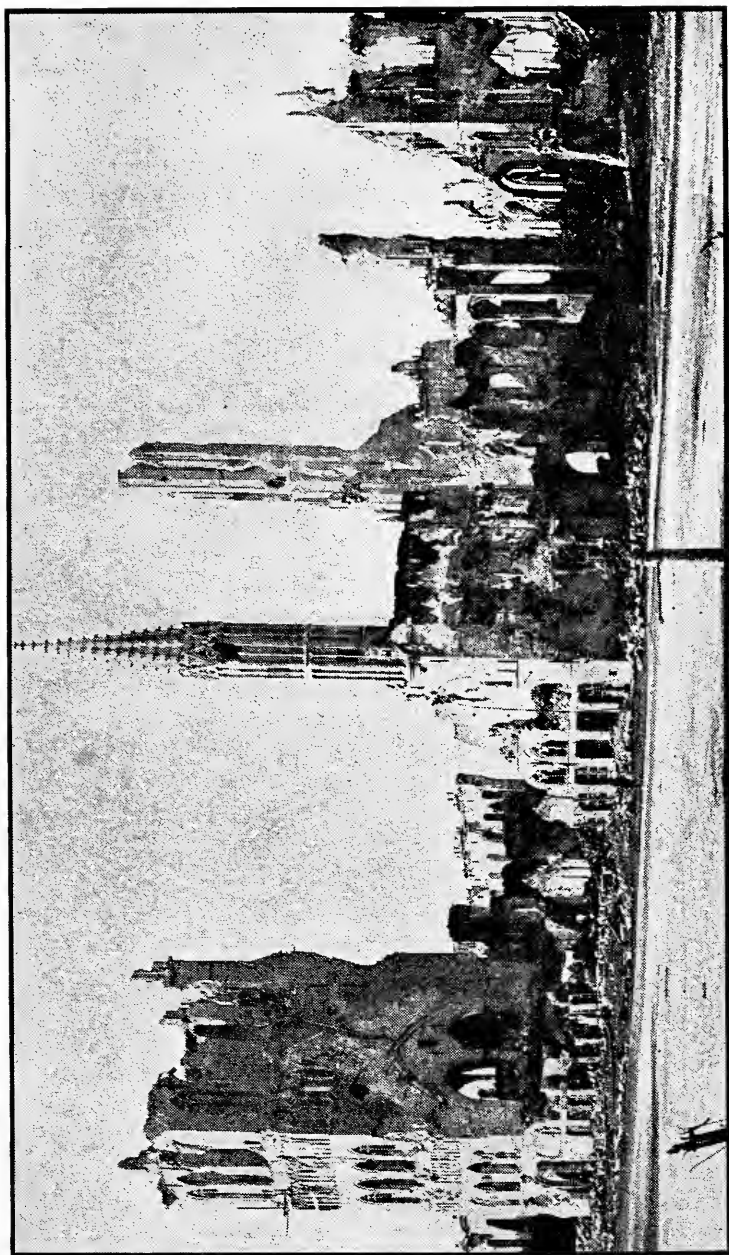
WAR is no respecter of persons, particularly of such harmless and well-intentioned beings as journalistic non-combatants. Even the mere looker-on may find himself included in that countless army known as "casualties" without having had the slightest purpose of incurring any hazard that would take him so much as an inch out of the safety zone.

An automobile may not be, strictly speaking, a weapon of war; but when it has a mishap in the war area, and when it is a military car, under military escort, on a military highway, and when the occupants are rescued from the wreck, after a collision, by a military party, headed by an army surgeon, it would appear to be a logical result that the victims should soon find themselves on their way to a military hospital.

Two such "casualties" from the American editorial party who had run counter to a lorry and then a tree, near Arras, France, on October 23, thus had experiences which they neither courted nor anticipated.

The "casualties" were inclined to demur at the curt order which dismissed them summarily to hospital reception and treatment, for they did not regard themselves as very seriously hurt. One of them had a scalp wound and a few body bruises, and the other had only superficial cuts about the face. A stitch or two would doubtless fix up both of them.

Why should they be subjected to the inconvenience of going through the formula of being taken to a field dressing station, and all the rigamarole of routine required of the ordinary soldier? As for an ambulance, it was quite superfluous.



THE PUBLIC SQUARE AT YPRES.



Yet to a field dressing station they went, and all the rest followed. They were sent in an automobile. It was getting dark, and it was not easy to see just what are the exact features of a dressing station. In this instance, it was an abandoned hotel at Arras, with a court, and forbidding walls, cold corridors, stone floors, high ceilings, and ghostly rooms. The attending surgeon was a business-like Englishman, but his assistant was an American. He was a medical student from Vermont, and he had come over before America entered the war to take service with the Canadians, and get experience. He had had it a-plenty, and was about ready to go home.

There was temporary treatment and an injection of anti-tetanus, and an ambulance came whirling into the outer court. The hospital was several miles away. It had long been within reach of German artillery, but now it was pleasing to reflect that the Boche was some kilometers removed. When one lies on a stretcher awaiting his turn to take a ride in a military ambulance, the inside of which he had never seen, his powers of reflection are increased in inverse proportion as his powers of observation are decreased.

The driver inquired casually of the surgeon which was the "worst of the two," and the obliging surgeon just as casually with his foot indicated the stretcher of the worried wanderer from Oregon.

"All right; we'll put him in below," and in below he went, head-first. Whatever his apprehensions as to what was going to happen, he was quite sure that if he was the worst, the other casualty must be doing very well, indeed.

A ride in an ambulance over a French road is just a series of bumps and rattles and turns. There is no real advantage to the lower position, for the man above reported that, while he could see nothing but darkness, he also could feel everything.

After a long drive, lasting apparently for hours—the actual elapsed time was about a quarter of an hour—there was a sudden swerve, and there were lights and voices, and the two unwilling travelers were hauled out of their moving cavern, and introduced into the semi-darkness of a receiving

ward. Someone in a white apron looked the prostrate two over, and someone else took their names, ages, sex, nativity, occupation, and other relevant details, and they were tagged and numbered and carried off into beds among a lot of wounded soldiers.

After a few restless hours, the twain were notified that they were about to be conveyed to the theater. It sounded interesting, but seemed to warrant more specific inquiries. Were they to go as spectators or as principals? "You are to be operated on," was the terse and significant reply. And operated on both were at the same time.

One had his scalp sewed up and the other his face.

The only incident in the theater that persists in memory is the cries of four French children who had been somehow and somewhere shelled by the Germans. They were terribly hurt and they were also greatly terrified over what was to happen to them at the hands of the surgeons.

Some hours afterwards the pair had opportunity to survey their surroundings. They were the only civilians in the ward, and probably in the hospital. The building was wooden, a temporary affair, but equipped with all the appliances of a modern surgery. It was one part of a structure that would accommodate about 2000 patients.

There were about twenty-five beds in the ward and all were occupied. Many had been seriously hurt. Nearby was a British Colonel, who had a grave injury in his legs from a shell and was in great agony. Next to him was a poor fellow who had been gassed and he was very low.

It is good hospital practice to classify its injured men, for in one ward are usually found men suffering from hurts to their limbs, in another to the body, in a third to the jaw, in a fourth from head wounds, in a fifth from gas; and so on. But in this particular ward was a miscellaneous assortment. One had been shot through the lungs. Another had fragments of shell in his body. A third had a machine gun bullet through his foot. One or two had influenza.

About midnight a new lot of patients was brought in. One of them had been gassed and was in the early stages of his agonizing experience. His efforts to breathe made it impossible for any one in his neighborhood to sleep or rest.

It was said that a man of less powerful physique would have succumbed, but the fact that he was able to inhale and exhale at all gave assurance that he might pull through.

The morning was a long time coming, in the midst of such incidents and others like them, but it came, and with it the commandant of the hospital, Colonel Campbell, a Canadian, to look after the welfare of his charges generally, and particularly to get a view of the two curiosities, civilian patients. The circumstances of their coming had been explained to him and their anxiety to rejoin their party was also impressed upon him; and he gave them the welcome news that they might return at noon to Radinghem.

An automobile had been left for them and at 12 o'clock they made ready with the aid of a very obliging and competent nurse and started. The day was cold and the distance was long—about thirty-five miles—and the roads were not smooth, and one of the two did not stand the journey as well as he expected. The other was quite strong and he got through very well.

At Radinghem it was thought wise to send the two damaged editors on to Paris. The next day the start was made by automobile for Amiens, about forty miles away, where the fast train was to be taken to Paris. The train was missed and a later and slower train was taken and the French capital was reached late at night.

Travel by train in France in war time is no picnic. The efforts of Director-General McAdoo to discourage passenger traffic in America pale into insignificance at the side of the French inconveniences. The chief device here to keep people off the trains is to refuse to provide the facilities. The trains are few and far between and they are mostly slow, and fail always to make their schedules and are sadly overcrowded. Half the passengers, more or less, are obliged to stand.

At Paris there was a French doctor, who said that everything was progressing beautifully—"magnifique"—and a British doctor, who was not so certain, and finally two American military surgeons, who discovered signs of infection and directed that the patient from the Far Pacific be sent to a military hospital—American, formerly the

Pasteur Institute, now American Red Cross Hospital No. 1. It was all very disconcerting, but he went—in an ambulance. Seeing Paris for the first time from the dark corridor of an ambulance, at night, through one's feet, has some aspects of novelty and interest; but there are pleasanter ways.

There was a repetition of the Arras scenes at the receiving ward and there an alert and very efficient-looking doctor, in the uniform of an American Captain, got busy and took the stitches out of the wound, and dressed it carefully and consigned the subject to a cot in an officers' ward.

"It certainly looks good to see a white collar and a plain every-day American citizen," he said cheerfully, at parting. "I have been here a year and I have seen nothing but khaki. You'll be all right in a week."

The civilian with the white collar stayed nearly a week, and he had a great time while he was there. He talked to many men who had been at the front, all of them wounded. He got an entirely new view of the meanings and realities of war.

PARIS, FRANCE, NOVEMBER 8, 1918.

FOURTEENTH LETTER.

FIGHTING OVER THEIR BATTLES IN BED.

AFTER Arras, the American hospital at Paris was tranquillity itself. The reason was not that one was British and the other American, but that the first was a clearing station near the front line, where the wounded — “blesses,” the French call them, with rare felicity — are received in all degrees and conditions of injury, and the second has only that class of disabled soldiers who are able to stand a considerable journey.

The first impression the newcomer has of such an institution is of its orderliness and efficiency; and the second is of the pervading and contagious spirit of cheerfulness among the men in the beds. They talk and act as if they were glad to be there.

Unquestionably they are. But the reason is not that for the time they are free from danger. They expect to go back to the front, and want to go, all of them. But it is that they have complete confidence in surgeons and nurses and know that they are receiving skilled treatment, and believe, all of them, that they will get well, if the nature of their injuries will at all permit, and if it will not, that they will get the next best thing, whatever that is. They are not brought there to die, and they know it; they are there for restoration or cure, and they know that, also.

The hospital is full — full to overflowing. There is no vacant bed in any ward. Through the corridors are placed cots, and they, too, are occupied. In the ample court, tents and other temporary structures have been put up; and they are being rapidly filled.

At the time of which this letter is written, the Argonne drive was in full swing. The Americans came over here to

win — or rather, let us say, help win — the war. They were given all the chance they could possibly have coveted in the Argonne. Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, all the others where the Americans fought were boys' play at the side of the Argonne. It was the hardest nut to crack in the whole German basket. Half a million or more Americans fought there, and thousands of them died; and many, many thousands were hit. It is said that the casualties were far in excess of reasonable proportions, as averages are understood and have been established by the allies. In other words, American losses to a given number of troops in any given time were greater than any of the allied casualties were, or would have been.

There is an opinion that it is all due to the superior dash and initiative of the Americans. Another opinion is that it is blamable to their inexperience, for they have not learned caution. Both theories are correct, possibly, or have elements of truth in them. The American soldier is self-reliant and he goes ahead, whatever happens. If experience teaches that the highest duty one has in battle is to play safe, he will never learn it.

The American "get there" idea is the dominant impulse of the American soldier and of the whole American Army. There is sound reason to think, also, that it is the finest strategy and the greatest prudence. Quick and intensive warfare is likely to prove the least costly in life and effort. Is it not true that the Americans, in their five months of fighting since Chateau-Thierry, accomplished a great deal? Is it not probably true that they would have paid more for it in blood, and certainly in treasure, if they had sought to "play safe" and had permitted the war to be prolonged for months and even for years?

There is intended to be made herein no reflection of any sort as to the methods or valor of any of our brave allies; only an interpretation of the American way in battle is sought to be given, as based on genuine forethought and real wisdom.

The soldier lying on his back for long hours of the day, and other long hours of the night, has little to do but sleep and talk. When the men are not busy with the one, they

resort to the other. They discuss the great problems of the time very little; they exchange personal experiences constantly, and make observations on those phases of the war in which they come in personal contact. They agree on most things; they never doubt the word of a fellow soldier in narrating his personal exploits; they have implicit confidence in the American command; and they agree that since they had come over to France to win the war, they are being permitted to do it.

A Captain of Marines, suffering from a shot in the leg, had been in every American offensive since Chateau-Thierry. He was humorously called the "skipper" by his compatriots. He was asked to tell about Chateau-Thierry, and he did it in precious few words.

"We were told," he said, "to go forward and to get there — somewhere — at a certain time. The Germans were coming, but we didn't know exactly where. But we had a pretty good idea that we were going to run into them. We began to meet the French coming from somewhere, and we filtered through them.

"The French told us that we'd better go back, for the Boche was coming and he outnumbered us, and we couldn't stand up against him. But why should we go back when we hadn't even got there, wherever it was? Well, we got there just a few minutes before the zero hour, and we stuck. We were too tired to run and too mad to do anything but fight. That's all there was to Chateau-Thierry. It was a pretty good scrap, but nothing like what we went against later in the Argonne."

"You see, it's this way about the French," said a Lieutenant who had been gassed. "They have had four years of war, and I guess they are a little tired. Certainly, they are very wary and not inclined to take needless chances. You make your plans for a joint movement with the French.

"'Here you are,' says the French liaison officer, 'and here we are,' says he. 'Tomorrow morning at 7 o'clock we will be at such and such a place,' says he. 'You also will be there,' says he. 'We will,' says we; and we are there, a minute or perhaps a minute and a half ahead of time; but the French, where in hell are they?

"Along about half past 9 they show up, proud as peacocks that they got there at all. They got there all right, but the fact that they were two and a half hours late didn't seem to worry them at all. I don't mean to say that the poilu isn't a good soldier, and a brave man, for he is, just that. But I can't get his idea of doing his part in the way he agrees to do it."

"One time," growled a Captain who was from Texas and had graduated into the Army from the National Guard, "I was told to go across a railroad track and into the woods beyond, where there was a lot of machine gun nests, and get Fritz out of there. There were a couple of American companies and some French. When we got to the railroad track the French decided to wait for night, or something like that, and didn't go on.

"The position was indeed pretty badly exposed, and we suffered severely. The commanding officer of the other company was killed and I had to take his men with me. There was a Boche sharpshooter somewhere up a tree, and he was making it pretty lively for us. I thought I located him, and I took a gun and went after him. The gun jammed just as I had spotted him, and at that exact moment he saw me, and he got me through the arm. Then one of our men got him, and Mr. Fritz came tumbling out of the tree.

"We drove out the machine guns, capturing some of the Germans and killing others, but we paid for it. When the day was over I found I had just 17 men with me. Some of the others were killed, some wounded and others scattered through the woods. I suppose most of them were later picked up, but here I am.

"I want to say," he continued, "that the notion that the American is the only real expert with a rifle in the world is a sad mistake. What do you suppose Fritz has been doing in the past four years? Why, he has been developing not only the finest machine gunners to be found anywhere, but the most skillful riflemen. Their rifle has a telescopic sight and the weapon is perfect. Fritz is a master of camouflage, besides, and when he is well concealed with his smokeless powder he is mighty hard to locate; and it is dangerous and often fatal to get in range. More than once I have seen an

American soldier who exposed himself for an instant killed by a sharpshooter. They are as quick as lightning and as deadly.

"It's a good deal the same with the machine guns. I don't know why it is, but the German usually shoots low and you first hear the machine gun bullets spatter about your feet and you think you are more likely to be shot in the leg than elsewhere. Then you try to locate the gun-nest and it's some job. You can't see it and in the general confusion you can't hear it in any way to distinguish it from the rest. By the time you've found it you may not be able to do anything about it.

"It's wonderful the way Fritz sticks to those nests. He has to, for there's another somewhere behind him and he knows that if he quits, or runs, or tries to surrender, he'll get it from the rear, from one of his own dear 'Kamerads.'"

"You didn't find the Germans throwing up their hands and yelling 'Kamerad' the moment the Yanks came in sight?"

"Not so that you could notice it. But when Fritz knows he's licked, he quits; not before. It's hard, sometimes, when you've lost a lot of good fellows in trying to rout Fritz out of his hole and when you are about to succeed and kill off the whole bunch, to have him come out with his hands up and whine that he's your 'kamerad'—it's hard to let him get away with it. But there's nothing else to do but take him in and send him back."

"Well, I got a lot of the Boches one day," said another officer, with a shot through the shoulder, "and I turned 'em over to Frenchy. When I asked them later for the prisoners, they blandly said they had got away. They had, forever. Those Frenchmen had stood them up against a wall and killed every man jack of them."

"You can't blame them much, after what the French have stood for four years," said a Massachusetts Lieutenant. "We haven't lost much in the war, compared to the French losses. If we had our country laid waste, our homes destroyed, our property confiscated, our women violated and children murdered—everything done to us that savages can think of doing—perhaps we'd come to think that the world

would be safer without such beasts. God help the Boche if the Frenchmen get on his soil. They'll get even. You will find that Fritz will give up when that time comes. He knows what will happen when the French get to the Rhine."

"You talk of German savagery," declared another. "I haven't seen any of it and I've seen as much fighting as any of you. You hear a lot about Fritz bombing hospitals, too. Does any of you know of a case?"

There was a fairly general chorus of assent with this view until a Captain, shot in the hip and suffering severely from mustard gas, spoke up for the first time.

"I do. I saw it. I was wounded and I managed to get to the field dressing station. It was October 6 in the Argonne. That was the day of the big show, as some of you know. A German airplane came sweeping down over the station where the doctors were working. In about seven minutes a big shell exploded right at the station, killing three of the doctors. That aviator had located the station where many American wounded were being cared for and had given the range to the Boche artillery. A little later, an ambulance, with two private soldiers from my company, was sent out and it was hit by a direct shot from a German shell and both were killed."

There was silence and then some one broke out again with a tribute to the American doctor in the field.

"You talk," he said, "about what we go against. The average soldier has nothing on the doctor. Those men work there in the midst of danger and death, day and night, so long as there is the slightest need for them and they never falter. It is nerve-shaking business."

Everybody assented to the warm tribute to the Army surgeon.

"Don't forget the Salvation Army," interjected another. "They're always on the spot and they give you coffee and doughnuts when you're mighty thankful for them and they don't worry you about pay and you don't have to stand in line during office hours to get 'em, either. They're not afraid of Fritz and all his guns, big or little."

"That's right," said everybody.

FIFTEENTH LETTER.

HOW SOLDIERS FIGHT AND DIE.

A MILLION American soldiers in France, more or less, heard not a shot fired by the Germans, and will come home disappointed, not, of course, that the war is over, but that they had no actual experience in the front line.

It is natural and laudable enough; but they need have no regrets. No soldier who was in the Argonne or the St. Mihiel sector, or anywhere in close contact with the Boche has any illusions about the dash and glory of war, or is in any way displeased that he is to have no more of it. He wanted to fight, indeed, so long as there was fighting to do; but no longer.

It is remarkable how universal is the testimony that the American soldier always was equal to his tasks, and more. He never weakened, and he was ever ready to go.

"I have got over any possible notion," said a Texas captain, in an American hospital in Paris, with a machine gun bullet in his elbow, "that the best fighters in all creation come from the region of the Rio Grande. I know now that all Americans are alike—the men from Texas, from New York, from Maine, from Illinois, from Oregon, from anywhere in America. When the time comes to start over the top and you yell, 'Boys, let's go,' they go, every man of them. They have a pride that they are Americans, rather than Texans, or Missourians, or New Yorkers, and they all live up to the American name.

"It doesn't make any difference, either, whether your soldier was a store clerk, or a farmer, or a fireman, or a motorman, or a teamster, or a millionaire, it's just the same.

"I have seen men who I thought would be afraid to fire a pistol go out to certain death without the flicker of an

eyelid. I don't understand it, exactly. Sometimes I think there's something in this talk that the Americans were ordained by God to fight and die for humanity, and that the courage they all had was given them by a higher power. The idea of dying doesn't worry you much at the front. You learn that there are worse things, far worse. One of them is to be a shirker and quitter."

"I cannot understand," said another officer, also from Texas, a Captain, "why everybody who has one day's experience with real fighting lives to tell about it. I had it no worse than the rest of you; but I don't know how I got through that single sixth of October. That's when most of us in this ward got it." The big show in the Argonne ran from September 26 to sometime in November.

The story told by the Captain ran something like this:

"I got word from a runner about 4 in the morning to turn over my command to my Lieutenant and to come in to P. C. (post command). I didn't know it then, but zero had been fixed for 5:30 A. M. and we were to go over. The Boche had apparently found it out, or suspected it, for before I got far he had started a barrage, and I had to go through it. When I got to P. C. I was told that a mistake had been made and to go back and to take my men over.

"Meanwhile the American barrage had started, and it was hell for sure. I had to go through that, as well as the German. I was knocked down three separate times by exploding shells, stood on my head, covered with dirt and pretty much shaken up. But I got through.

"At 5:30 we started. My First Lieutenant was instantly killed, being shot between the eyes. After awhile I was shot in the hip and laid out for about half an hour; but in the excitement I found I was able to move, and I went on. I wanted to send a message to P. C. and I got a runner and lay down beside him to give it to him. A shell lit near us and killed him and covered me with dirt.

"A sharpshooter somewhere in a neighboring copse was bothering us. I got a rifle and waited to locate him and I got him. Then a shell blew up behind me and hit me in the back with its fragments and downed me again. It was filled with mustard gas. My next in command insisted on

my going back to a dressing station and I started alone. I ran across a big blonde Dutchman crawling along the ground toward a nest where there were some of our boys. He was dragging a 'potato masher' (hand grenade). I took my pistol and went up behind him. He heard me and turned his face toward me. I shall never forget to my dying day the expression on his face when he saw what he was up against. I shot him through the head. Then an orderly came along and helped me move, for I was about done up.

"Somehow a barrage was started up by the Germans and it came creeping toward us. We lay down in a shell crater and the orderly covered me as well as he could and sat up to watch the progress of the barrage. The shells came nearer and nearer and he called out to me every time one hit, 'Never touched us' or 'You didn't get us that time, and you never will.' Well, they didn't get us. The barrage passed on over us and we got up and managed to reach the dressing station."

It was this same Captain who told the story, narrated in a previous letter, of the wanton slaughter by Germans of three doctors at the dressing station and of the attack on an American ambulance, killing two soldiers. He suffered severely from the boils made by mustard gas. The only relief was in lancing them.

"It's strange," he said, "about those big German shells. If there is a direct hit, you're gone, of course. But you have little trouble with them when they hit near you. You have time to throw yourself to the ground, as a rule; or, if you don't, the concussion merely lifts you up and tosses you about a bit. The fragments seem to fly over your head. You are in more danger when a shell blows up some distance from you than near you, unless it's right under you. Then look out for the pieces. Besides, you learn from the sounds to locate a coming shell and you are generally ready."

"I think I'd rather take my chances with a shell than a machine gun," said a Lieutenant of Marines, who was shot through the lung. "The shell either gets you altogether or don't get you much. I guess I'm good for a stay of many weeks in this hospital." Quite obviously he was. He was more dangerously hurt than any man in the ward, with a

single exception, yet he was perfectly calm and quite sure that he would recover. He was an indefatigable smoker of cigarettes. Asked if he ought not to desist from the habit until he was cured, he said that he had asked the doctor if he might not smoke and was told to go ahead. Smoke he did, day and night. It seemed a poor way to help cure a perforated lung; but the doctor doubtless knew what was best.

All soldiers, nearly, smoke, preferably the cigarette. It is the great solace of wounded men, as it is the comfort of the unwounded. Yet there is difficulty always about the supply of American cigarettes. They are to be had of the American commissary and the Y. M. C. A., but it is not easy for men unable to leave their beds or the trenches to go, or send, to either place. Only once in five or six days in the hospital did anyone, outside the hospital authorities and a chaplain, come in to ask the men what might be done for them. One day a young woman with a large can of ice cream and some cakes came to the door.

"Is anyone in this ward from Cleveland?" she asked.

"What do you want to know for?" she was asked.

"I am sent here by Cleveland to look after its soldiers," she replied, with much naivete.

"Sure; we're all from Cleveland," was the general response.

The obliging young woman smiled happily and brought her supplies in and passed them around. If Cleveland desires gratitude for its benevolence, surely it is sufficiently rewarded for the white lie told by those lonesome men.

It was a great time every morning when the ward surgeon came to dress the injuries. He was accompanied by a train of nurses and attendants, hauling a big cart with the dressings, basins, antiseptic preparations and all the paraphernalia of modern hospital service. Each nurse had her allotted task and no time was lost, no patient neglected. The men were always very quiet in the hour preceding the coming of the surgeon; they knew they were to get somehow from him, though it was not to be in words, as a rule, his verdict of their progress for twenty-four hours. When he came to the door there was perfect silence, and it was maintained, except for the brief inquiries or directions of

the surgeon, during his entire stay there. Only once did he depart from his practice of gentle and careful attention to the wounds to volunteer any remark. A Lieutenant had been terribly wounded in the leg and badly shocked and was very low. Finally, under patient nursing, he began to improve.

"Good," said the doctor one morning. "I want to tell you that you're getting along all right. But for a few days you sure were flirting with the angels."

PARIS, FRANCE, NOVEMBER 10, 1918.

SIXTEENTH LETTER.

ON THE WAY TO THE AMERICAN FRONT.

THE editors had from General Pershing, through General John F. Biddle, at London, an invitation to visit the American front and to remain there a week. They were not able to accommodate their itinerary to so extensive a programme; but it was arranged to divide the party at Paris, one-half going to the French sector and the other half to the American, and then reversing the process.

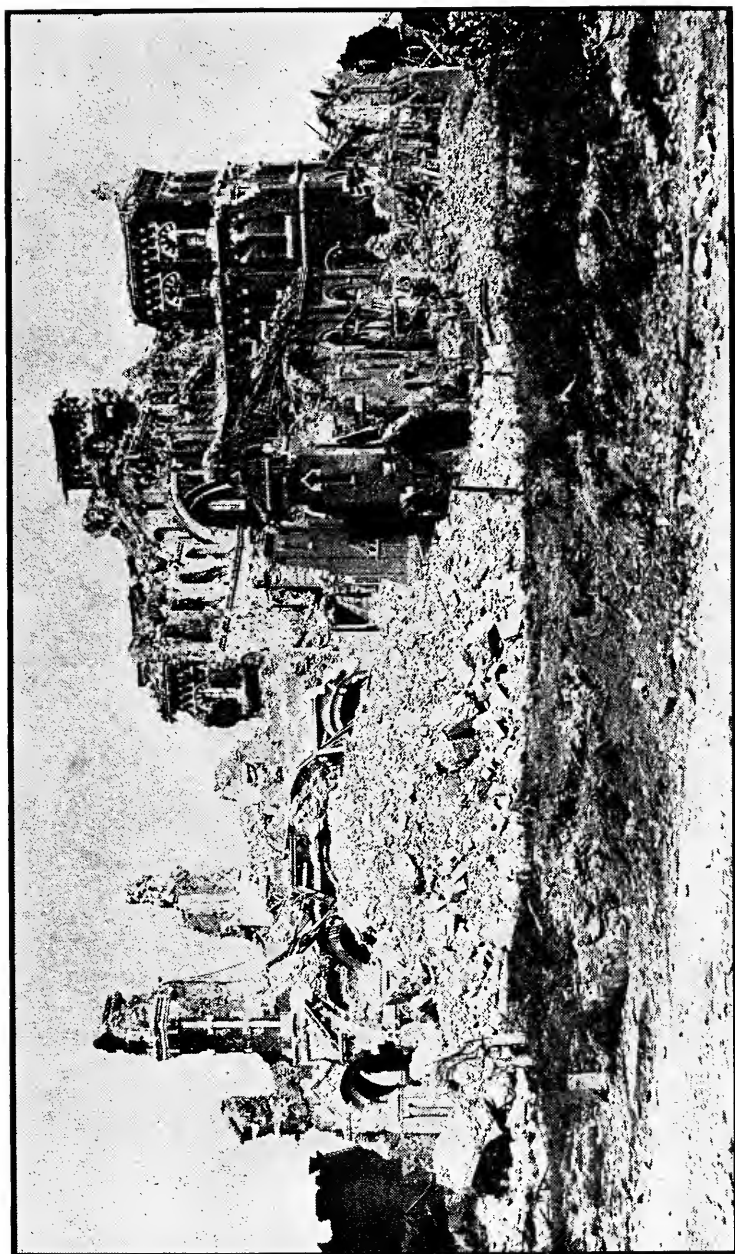
I was able to join the second group in the trip to Chaumont, the American general field headquarters, and to the St. Mihiel salient, scene of the first mighty exploit by the American Army under American direction against the Germans.

The St. Mihiel sector is, or was, a great pocket created by the German offensive in their effort to advance through the Vosges and to flank Verdun. It had remained without material change for four long years, while the Boche artillery bombarded and the Boche infantry attacked Verdun.

If the Germans had been able to advance farther in the detour around Verdun, that formidable fortress would necessarily have had to surrender. But the French held them. Meanwhile the salient stood as a menace to Verdun and as a testimonial both of German aggressiveness and of French tenacity.

Here, at the bottom of a pocket that is in line with any plan of advance into Germany by way of Metz—it must be through Metz if neutral territory and the difficult ground of Alsace are to be avoided—the Americans were stationed.

They were to have there their big chance of operating as a distinct American unit. Obviously they were to be



ALBERT CATHEDRAL, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE GERMANS HAD BEEN EXPELLED.

thrown against the powerful and supposedly invincible fortification of Metz, on their way to the Rhine and Berlin.

The editors left Paris for Chaumont by railroad on the morning of October 31. They were accompanied by Lieutenant Perigord, of the French army, well known in America for his brilliant part in the Third Liberty Loan campaign, and by Major Furry Montague, of the British army. They were under special escort of a young American Lieutenant, Mr. Georgeson, who was attached to headquarters.

The plan was to go by automobile immediately to Neufchateau for the night and in the morning to penetrate the heart of the salient. This arrangement was carried out.

If the greatest aspiration of the average British motor car driver is to go as fast as he can, and of the French chauffeur to go faster, the American surely has it in his head that it is his duty to travel fastest. The French roads are always good, at least in the military sectors, and high speed is easy, until, of course, one runs into a lorry or a tree.

One of the travelers was to be left for the night at Base Hospital No. 46—the Portland unit—at Bazailles, on the Meuse, six miles south of Neufchateau, and about thirty miles from Chaumont. The distance was compassed in a very few minutes. It was not possible to get a clear view of the panorama along the way, except that there was the usual whirl of passing lorries, marching soldiers, uniformed road-makers.

When the soldier afoot notes that a headquarters car, probably carrying some high officer—perhaps General Pershing—is bearing down on him, he comes to a salute. Sometimes he is able to complete the maneuver before the car has gone by, but ordinarily he finds himself standing at attention, with his hand to his ear, and his face toward the backs of a lot of shoulder-strapped gentlemen who are already a mile, more or less, down the road.

In passing it may be recalled here that at the British front, an officer who had charge of the American party sharply rebuked a military guard for his failure to salute him promptly and properly. The soldier saluted, ceremoniously, and then immediately demanded that the officer

produce the passports of the civilians under his charge. The guard was wholly within his right, and the officer knew it, though no other sentry had made such a demand, but had accepted the word of the officer that the party was all right. Luckily every editor had his proper papers on his person. If not he might have been arrested and taken to quarters. When the sentry had carefully and quite slowly examined the papers of every American in turn, he solemnly saluted the enraged British Major and waved him and his party on.

The Oregon editor had been met at Chaumont by Major George A. White, former Adjutant-General of the Oregon National Guard, by Captain Dow Walker, formerly superintendent of the Multnomah Athletic Club, and by Captain Dana Allen. Major White, now Lieutenant-Colonel, who is a member of the general staff, under General Pershing, and whose duties take him constantly to various parts of military France, was to accompany the visitors from Chaumont. It was through him that the stay at Hospital 46, in the midst of the Portland coterie of surgeons and nurses, was arranged.

Base Hospital 46, in charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert C. Yenney, is a unit of a great field organization that will accommodate 10,000 or more sick and wounded soldiers. The equipment is quite complete, and the service it has rendered in the several months since it was established has been very great. There is a constant inflow of injured soldiers and a constant outgo of convalescents. There is besides a ward devoted to German prisoners, about sixty in number. They were given precisely the same treatment as the Americans, and were making practically, though not quite, the same relative progress toward recovery.

One of the editors, who had a sore throat and visions of influenza, asked if he might have treatment, and he was taken to the eye, nose and throat specialist. It was a department with a fine equipment, and several attendants.

The editor, who is from the Middle West, and who was generously inclined when he was told that not much was the matter with him, wanted to pay the doctor. Told that it was out of the question, he then sought to tip his attend-

ant, a very young and modest gentleman, who is the son of a well-known Portland banker. He was a little disconcerted when it was politely declined, and more disconcerted when later he was told who the attendant was.

The Oregon visitor was the first from that state the various members of the hospital staff had seen since they had left Portland in the Spring. He got a cordial welcome, and later the entire body of physicians and nurses was assembled to meet him. Here is a list of Oregon officers at the hospital:

Lt.-Col. R. C. Yenney	Captain Otis B. Wright	Lieut. H. C. Blair
Major T. M. Joyce	Captain E. W. Morse	Lieut. D. L. Palmer
Major W. S. Knox	Captain E. F. Ziegelman	Lieut. Karl P. Moran
Major R. L. Benson	Lieut. H. M. Bouvy	Lieut. A. C. McCown
Captain L. Selling	Lt. Thompson Coberth	Lieut. A. S. Rosenfeld
Captain R. B. Dillehunt	Lt. H. W. Steelhammer	Cpt. J. H. Johnson, D. C.
Captain W. H. Skene	Lt. Irving M. Lupton	Cpt. H. F. Parson, D. C.
	Lieut. G. L. Hynson	

The full complement of nurses is as follows:

Grace Phelps	E. Zetta Galbraith	Rita E. Mayse
Nellie Amundson	Mabelle E. Grady	Mary T. Morrissey
Elsie Arnett	Martha B. Hannum	Georgia B. Morse
Ruth Arnett	Margaret Y. Hay	Ethel Mullin
Marjorie Belt	Evelyn Hill	Agnes L. O'Brien
Anna C. Berg	Minerva M. Hogadone	Lillian M. Olson
G. A. Betsworth	Elsie Hollenbeck	Olive Olson
Marie Blodget	Claudena Holm	Lemo Oliver
Rose M. Boyle	Bertha Holt	Martha Randall
Marion Brehaut	Sadie Hubbard	Nina Ricketts
Jenne Brouillard	Florence M. Hulbert	Frances Risch
Estelle F. Browne	Letha Humphrey	Nell Roberts
Susanna G. Brunner	Mary N. Jensen	Anna Ross
Helen U. Budd	Myrtle S. Keiser	Bertha Rudolph
Vesta L. Bunnell	Amelia J. Kenny	Anne M. Schneider
Bessie R. Campbell	Emma B. Kern	Maude L. Scott
Miriam Campbell	Katherine Kingman	Ora F. Scovell
Margaret L. Colahan	Helen D. Krebs	Ruth R. Shields
Mary E. Cronen	Philomena Kurath	Velma E. Schultz
Anne M. Dempsey	Kathryn A. Leverman	Anna L. Slagel
Julia H. Domser	Pearl V. Longwell	Edmith M. Smith
Eleanor Donaldson	Donalda McDonald	Bertha C. Squires
Winifred L. Douthit	Marjorie MacEwan	Alice E. Stenholm
June E. Earhart	Margaret McAllister	Isy A. Steward
Esther M. Eaton	Ferne McClintock	Leile O. Stone
Elizabeth M. Eby	Jean Y. McFadden	Louise O. Summers
Eleanor C. Ewing	Julia McFadden	Emily M. Tagg
Ida K. Falmer	Hazel McGuire	Emma Tweed
Ethel H. Fettro	Harriet McKinley	Margaret A. Tynan
Flora F. Fleming	Frances McTagert	Stasia P. Walsh
Winifred M. Franklin	Nellie C. Marks	Rosa C. Williams
Mary E. Freeman	Winifred Maybery	Eva E. Willis

Civilians attached to Base Hospital, No. 46:

Jennie L. Davis	Agatha Holloway	Gertrude Palmer
Vida L. Fatland	LaVina C. McKeown	M. Ethel Gulling

Nor is this all from Oregon. The officers' mess is in charge of a steward who was long an employe of the

Hazelwood restaurant and the Colonel's orderly was for seven years valet at the Arlington Club. Among the patients were several men from Oregon — one of them had his sister-in-law for a nurse — and they were most happy to be in such surroundings. There was time for a visit to some of them and in every instance they were in fine spirits, hopeful of an early recovery, talking of a return to the front, but thinking of that more wonderful, if more remote, day when the war will be over and they may go back to Oregon.

PARIS, FRANCE, NOVEMBER 14, 1918.

SEVENTEENTH LETTER.

HOW THE AMERICANS WON ST. MIHIEL SALIENT.

THE amateur in war is never at a loss for thrills. On the sea it is the submarine which to his unenlightened apprehension may be seen to approach from any quarter of the compass; but rarely does, if there is a destroyer hanging anywhere around. On the land it is air raids.

Everybody in London and Paris and every other great center within range of the Prussian night-flyers has his story to tell about the latest and most deadly assault from the skies. The first view from his hotel window, at London, enjoyed by one of the American editors, was of a neighboring building completely wrecked. Ordinarily, he would have thought the builders had torn it down to put another in its place; but in war time there was, of course, another reason for the destruction. Diligent inquiry, later, failed to elicit the exact facts. Sometimes they let you believe, about such things, whatever you prefer. There is a vast conspiracy in Europe to prevent the tenderfoot from sleeping nights.

But there was no doubt about the reality of frequent and persistent air visits in the vicinity of St. Mihiel salient. Base Hospital 46, where the Portland unit is located (Bazailles-on-the-Meuse), had become so familiar with the hum and buzz of the venturesome aces and deuces of German deviltry that they merely put out the lights and waited for the bombing marauders to pass on.

To give the devil his due, he did not as a rule appear to be aiming at hospitals. But he had a set aversion for aerodromes and railway stations and supply depots and the like. So long as Fritz had mastery of the air, or an equal show against the increasing forces of the enemy, he displayed great enterprise in his exploits behind the allied lines.

Near Colombey, a town between Chaumont and the St. Mihiel, is a great American aviation station. It is a rendezvous for many hundred machines and other hundreds of aviators. It had a large part in the great September advance toward Metz by the Americans, for there in that affair was such an assembly of American airplanes as had never before been seen. They were a powerful reinforcement of the American advance, and they literally drove the enemy planes out of the skies. They did more. Many of them flew low during the fighting and harassed the German infantry and artillery. They proved that they were not only the eyes of the Army, but its ears and, in part, its arms.

There is accommodation for about a thousand machines at Colombey. When the editors were there several hundred of all makes were on hand. A few nights before there had been a raid by the Germans, but as usual no harm was done. A German aviator somehow got lost and came to earth, and there, on the American field, when morning came, was a full-fledged German bird with the birdman nervously awaiting the Americans to come and take him, which they did. To the casual eye there is no special difference between a German plane and any other plane; but no aviator ever makes a mistake about the distinction unless deception is practiced on him. It is his business to know; and he knows.

There was a demonstration at the Colombey field of an anti-aircraft defense for the benefit of the visitors. It consists chiefly of guns pointed heavenward from the vicinity of a hole in the ground, just large enough to accommodate one operator, or perhaps two. The truth seems to be, however, that such weapons have not been potent. At least they are regarded by the average flyer on either side with a feeling that approaches contempt. Not many planes have thus been brought to earth. The real contest comes when one aviator or group of aviators goes up and mixes it with the enemy.

Later, when the editorial party was near the firing line, there was desultory firing, which the experts described as anti-aircraft. Over in the horizon was the shadowy outline of a balloon. But of airplanes there was no sign. The

excursionists were not, however, greatly disappointed. They were distinctly within reach of the German guns, in an exposed position; and if they could see the German airplanes, what could prevent the Germans from seeing them?

If the truth must be told, it is that an aerodrome is not the most interesting place in the world after the first inspection. Here and there a plane is in the air, but there are few stunts. Probably the looker-on is better entertained at a flying field for beginners; but here the mechanics of aviation was the important factor in the work. Half the machines were partly in pieces and the other half seemed to be waiting helplessly for someone's attention.

There is a little town in French Lorraine, about half way between St. Mihiel and Pont-a-Mousson, called Seicheprey. The ordinary map will not show it, but it has a special claim to importance. It marked the limit of the German advance in this sector and was the scene of severe fighting during a great part of four long years.

A few months ago the Germans made an attack on the Americans at Seicheprey and were repulsed with heavy losses. It was the first objective of the Americans on that historic morning of September 12. They took the ruined village in forty-five minutes and they completed the conquest of 150 square miles, with 16,000 prisoners and over 400 guns, in about twenty-seven hours.

The "big show" began—your soldier does not speak of a battle or a fight, but of a "show"—at 1 o'clock on the morning of September 12, with an intense and concentrated artillery bombardment all along the line marking the lower side of the wedge. The enemy had known that something was about to happen, but he had learned, through his infallible spies, that it was to occur on September 15. He had three days more to get ready, apparently, and he went about it in his usual methodical fashion, this time a trifle tardily. By 9 o'clock in the morning of September 12 all the early objectives of the Americans had been reached and the victorious doughboys were rapidly approaching the important centers of Thiaucourt, Pannes, Nonsard and Heudricourt. To the northwest at 8 o'clock a second American attack was launched. Here a stiffer resistance was offered;

but Les Eparges, which the French had tried vainly to take the previous year, fell quickly. The Germans had an abundance of machine guns in the hills and woods, and they fought for awhile; but early in the afternoon they saw here that opposition was futile and gave way.

It was the old tactics of the pincer, used with conspicuous success by General Foch, and applied at St. Mihiel by General Pershing. The French helped valiantly on the American left, and made frequent raids about St. Mihiel, the shoulder of the wedge; but it was distinctly an American movement and an American success.

At 4:30 in the afternoon the enemy was in full retreat and was making great efforts to get his artillery away by the Vigneulles road. Vigneulles was the point of junction, which was effected, according to schedule, at 8 o'clock on Friday morning. The greater part of two German divisions was captured and large quantities of stores. The completeness of the American victory is illustrated by the fact that an entire German regiment, with its commander, was taken. The German Colonel requested that he be permitted to call the roll, in order to ascertain his losses. One officer and one private were missing. Discovering that his organization was intact, having been moved by a common impulse not to die for the fatherland, and to give up, the commander requested that he be permitted to march his regiment off the field. It was done, with a few grinning American soldiers on their flanks to see that the regiment was delivered at the proper place.

The area about Seicheprey has a familiar aspect of war as practiced in the trench and barbed-wire period. The Germans and the French faced one another during long and trying months at a distance of a few hundred yards, and there were many casualties.

There is little left of Seicheprey, and other small villages in that immediate vicinity are a wreck; but on the whole the dreary vista of ruin which meets the eye everywhere on the British front is missing. To the left as one enters the salient by way of Beaumont and Seicheprey he may see the pleasing and harmless outlines of Mount Sec, an eminence of perhaps 200 feet that commands the surrounding

country for many miles. Here the Germans had placed their artillery, and from here they had issued their messengers of death and damage for months. The French had tried in vain to dislodge them, but there they had stayed, all but safe in the cement dugouts which they had built in large numbers and which are a favored retreat of the Hun everywhere that he is likely to be in danger. When the Americans went in they contrived to surround Mount Sec with a smoke screen and then they went around it and the Germans, being outflanked, had to get out.

In the heart of the wan skeleton of Seicheprey was a solitary survivor of the storm of shot and shell that had made it a picture of woe and waste. It was a two-story stone building that had once been the home, probably, of the town's leading citizen. Three of its tottering walls were still standing; but the roof was all but gone, and there was a great opening in one side that exposed to the outer world the wreck of the household furniture and ornaments that had belonged within. The disaster could not have been more complete, apparently. Even the hand of Mars, which had wrought such havoc all about, had not taken the trouble to give the finishing blow.

Here the editorial party stopped for lunch. One curious traveler, thinking he might find something of interest there, ventured within the walls; and he had the surprise of his life. There, in the heap of mortar and refuse, he found a completely equipped dugout—cement walls, electric lights, home-made chairs, beds and bedding, kitchen utensils and all. An ingenious Boche, skilled in the practice of camouflage, had done it all. He had lived there, doubtless for months, in comparative immunity. But now he was gone, and the tenant was an American officer. The latter, however, was seeking comfort rather than safety. It was the most perfect example of the German method of taking care of himself, in unpleasant surroundings, any of the party had seen.

EIGHTEENTH LETTER.

WHERE JOAN OF ARC HAD HER VISIONS.

N EARLY 500 years ago Joan of Arc heard voices from the air—divine, she thought and the world believed—and went forth and wrought her miracle, saving France for the French. Now, in the region where she was born, and where her memory is still vivid with a rare and unquestioning reverence, the American doughboy, with a mission not less sacred, has done his full part in saving France for the French.

The story has it that the voices (variously from St. Michael, St. Catherine and St. Margaret) told Joan that the "King of Heaven had summoned her to restore happiness to France and to restore King Charles," and that she was to "arm herself" and "put on men's clothes," and that she would be "chief in war."

Somehow she managed to persuade the King (Dauphin) of the validity of her inspiration and she put on her armor and was placed in command of an army, and went to raise the siege of Orleans, which by her valor and her remarkable instinct for strategy she achieved. There are skeptics now who deny the fact of the voices and the reality of her high inspiration, but they do not deny that she gave life to the fainting heart of France, defeated the English invader and set up King Charles on his throne. The American soldier, too, has heard the voices of duty and humanity and justice, and he has gone to the rescue of an enchained people of the St. Mihiel region, and he has delivered them from their captors.

Such reflections seize the thoughtful traveler who follows the American Army over the scenes of its advance through the St. Mihiel salient. He cannot escape anywhere in this historic environment reminders of the mystic virgin

who recreated France; nor can he fail to marvel at the rapidity and thoroughness with which the practical-minded American soldier shoved along the fleeing German armies. For four years they had stuck here; and they were expelled or captured in precisely twenty-seven hours. Not only that, but the Americans "mopped up" after the Boche in such a finished way that one sees far less of the desolation and debris of war than on the British front. Except for the ugly intrusion of occasional trenches and wire entanglements and leveled homes, the St. Mihiel Valley is a placid vale, with green fields (not cultivated), many stretches of wood (the French call them forests) and rolling hills. It is all very peaceful and very lovely.

Yet there are signs of the German stay. In a little wood somewhere about Nonsard the editorial party saw once more how the German took life easily, even in war. There was a group of some five or six small rustic dwellings, encompassed round with shade, tastefully and even elegantly built, and artistically arranged. The houses were shingled, and on the inside there were wallpaper and pictures and mirrors and basins and all the comforts of a home. There were walks with railings from one cottage to another, and there was a particularly wide and well-marked lane pointing the way to a large hole in the ground with cement walls and a handy ladder, and a top of earth, strongly barricaded, to which the prudent Boche might quickly retreat in case of an air raid or artillery fire.

There was a separate building for dining-room and kitchen, and here the occupants doubtless assembled for three square meals a day. It was all most domestic and quiet. It must have given the German a pang of regret when he had to leave a retreat so commodious for the discomforts of trench life, or wherever he had to go. Or, perhaps, when the Americans came, he was glad to get away on any terms, so long as he had a whole skin. When the American excursionists arrived, it was to find a party of engineers refitting the place for American tenancy.

About this time there was the sound of distant firing, with the occasional thunder of a great gun. But it was all most desultory. It seemed somewhat like practice on a

target range, with an occasional interruption by a more impressive and convincing roll of the heavy artillery. The party was told that they were not within reach of the Boche, and not in sight of the advancing Americans, and nobody need have any worry about a chance shell coming his way—not at present, at least. But later we should go to the top of an observation hill, at Hattonchatel, overlooking the entire center of the salient and easily reachable from the German lines. It might be well to have steel helmets and the gas masks at hand, and perhaps a little practice in getting them in place quickly would be advisable. The day, however, was inclined to clouds and rain, and very likely we should escape the watchful eyes of the Boche lookout. He had a nasty way, however, of paying his disrespects to Hattonchatel, and he might take a chance at it, even when he couldn't tell just what he was likely to hit. Notwithstanding such distinct discouragements, the party made its fearless way to the crest of the hill.

Here was an ancient chapel pretty thoroughly torn to pieces, and here was a small village which had suffered somewhat severely from enemy fire. But there were protecting trees yet standing, and among them, down the slope a little, was a fine lookout station made of cement, and here it was easy to acquire a feeling of comparative security. Once there was a loud shriek from the surrounding atmosphere, and an American officer ventured the observation that a 12-inch shell was headed our way, but he changed his mind and said it was the escaping steam of a remote locomotive whistle; or, if it wasn't, he didn't know what it was.

There was a disagreement, too, among the experts as to whether it was machine guns or 75s or anti-aircraft weapons that were making most of the inconsiderable noise on the firing line. Happily everybody in the real danger zone was too busy with his immediate concerns to give any thought to the suspicious appearance of distinguished strangers in Hattonchatel.

From Hattonchatel there was an easy view of many miles of woods and valley, with the sheen of a sparkling lake, all a little obscured by the mist of a light rain. Down

to the right was a railroad track, newly built, with a puffing engine, carrying supplies to the front. There were a few moving soldiers on the roads. There were many little villages, points in the line that had been taken up after Friz had lost the St. Mihiel salient, but now again the Germans were being pressed back toward Metz. The nearest point of real contact between the forces was about four miles away. Smokeless powder made it difficult to detect the exact locality of the artillery or other weapons, but it was easy to trace, under the direction of men who knew, the line of forward movement. It did not look greatly like war, though it sounded something like it. But there was a fine panorama of hills and vales and small forests and scattered fields.

The journey was, after an hour of futile attempt to get the war into more distinct perspective—Metz was only twenty miles away—resumed, with the city of St. Mihiel as the first objective. It had been under German rule for four years and had not yet forgotten the joyous fact of its deliverance. There was, on the way, a series of German plots that served as graveyards and on one commanding hill was the image of a great winged lion, with one paw raised as if to strike. It was the central figure in a group of German graves and it was an astonishing spectacle, after the thousands of modest and orderly rectangles where the German dead had been buried, each grave surmounted by a simple wooden cross, with the name and age of the occupant. But if the lion, in its setting of marble headstones, was a novelty, there was more in store to excite wonderment as to the German way of disposing of their dead.

Just outside St. Mihiel on a hillside, with a beautiful prospect and in a lovely environment, was a great cemetery wherein reposed several thousand German soldiers. Every grave had its stone, except that in some instances there was an ornamental and very costly statue over a dozen or more members of some German regiment, with their names, and with a tribute to their deeds. A stately headpiece marked the last resting place of a Colonel, and high up on the hill was a mighty cross—an enlarged replica, perhaps, of the iron cross.

Everything had been arranged in the most orderly and systematic style. No room was wasted. All the spaces were taken. Down in a corner were some French graves, surmounted by the inevitable tricolor and disclosing that it had been probably a French cemetery which had been taken over by the Germans.

The graveyard gave a curious insight into the German idea. It was French soil, but it had been selected for interment of their dead — not for the soldier of humble birth and station, but for Germans of consequence and wealth. Else how account for the vast expenditure in marble? Clearly, the men who caused this strange violation of a French sanctuary had reason to believe that the German occupation was permanent, and that Germany intended to add French Lorraine to its territories. It is to be supposed that Germany will be required to remove these lifeless tenants elsewhere, and it is to be supposed also that Germany will want to do it.

St. Mihiel offered no special novelty and showed no marked signs of the Boche occupation. The next point of interest was Domremy, near Neufchateau, where Joan of Arc was born. It was reached about dark. The town is dedicated to commemoration of the life, service and tragic death of the village's great daughter. There is a church or two filled with relics of her time and with paintings of her deeds. There are shrines everywhere for her. The home is as it was 500 years ago. For that matter, so are many other French country homes. The peasant lives about as he did then. The rooms are dark and cold and forbidding. Two old women have charge, and they sell picture cards and small mementoes by candlelight. There was not much to see, except a heroic statue of Joan in the court. It was worth seeing.

Back, then, to Neufchateau and then to Base Hospital 46 for the night, and to Chaumont by automobile and to Paris the next day and the trip to the American front was done.

NINETEENTH LETTER.

VALOR OF OREGON BOYS AND MEN IN THE WAR.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE A. WHITE, former Adjutant-General of the National Guard of Oregon—and still Adjutant-General, as I understand it—was asked in France to make a statement as to the service of the Oregon forces in the war. This he did. He was unable, under the rules of the censorship, to be more specific as to names, units and localities, but, nevertheless, he contrived to compress in a comparatively few words much interesting information. Here is the letter:

“General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, France, Nov. 3, 1918.—With reference to your inquiry as to the distribution, condition and conduct of the units and individual soldiers from Oregon who are serving with the American Expeditionary Forces, I am authorized to say that in many fields they are adding luster to the promising traditions of the state.

“The dispersion of Oregon men is wide, and it may be said they are present with scores of units, at various headquarters, in various special services and in the services of supply. It is an outstanding fact that their conduct is always creditable no matter what duty they may be engaged upon.

“Every section of Oregon is represented in the American expeditionary forces. It has been a matter of frequent comment that Oregon men may be found in every part of France and England. A few are in Italy. They are to be found in every arm of the service.

“The infantry regiment from Portland, Woodburn, Oregon City, Salem, McMinnville, Corvallis and Dallas, and to which scores of other towns contributed men, continues to function as infantry and, utilized for many important roles, has made a name for itself.

"The hospital unit formed at La Grande, and to which Pendleton and Baker and neighboring towns contributed, is the veteran unit from Oregon in the A. E. F. As part of a famous division, it has been on every front of consequence.

"The old cavalry units organized at Portland and Pendleton are operating as heavy artillery, and have been in combat for several months. The old Coast Artillery units from Eugene, Albany, Cottage Grove, Medford, Ashland, Marshfield, Roseburg, Tillamook, Astoria, Hood River and Portland are likewise in the heavy artillery, and have seen service in important sectors.

"The two field artillery units formed at Portland have maintained their identity and have been operating at the front during the Summer and Fall with a Western artillery regiment.

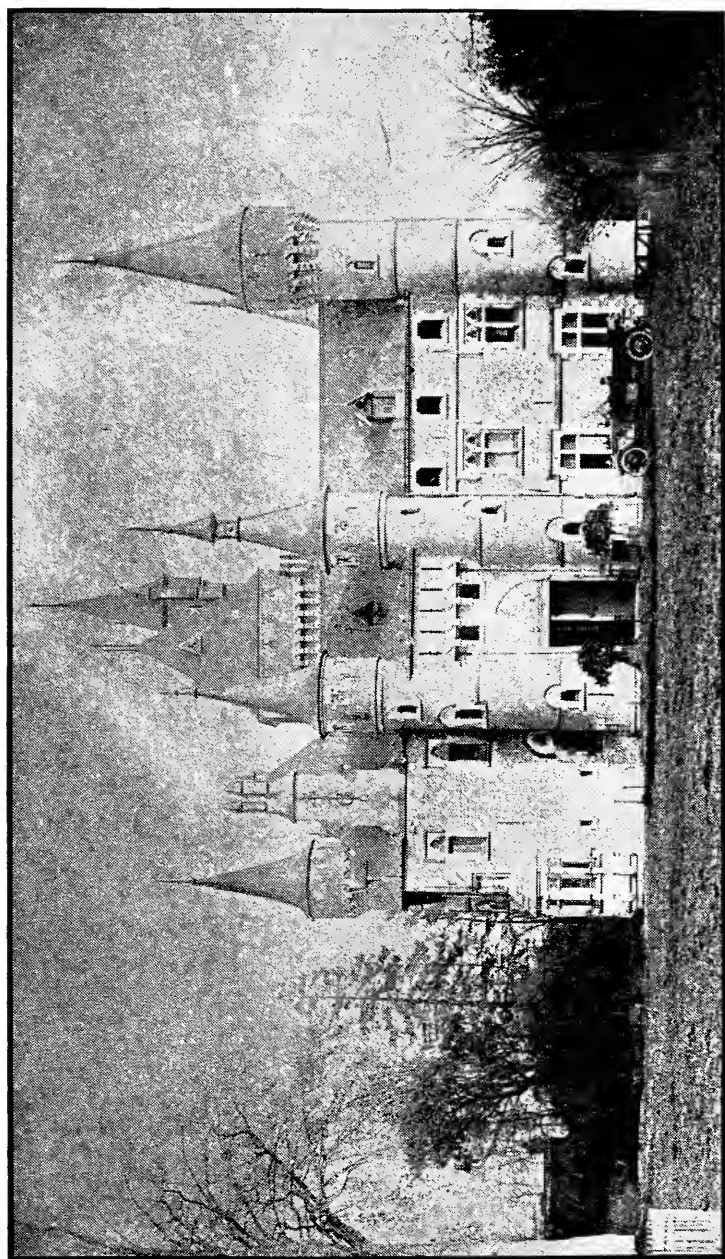
"The Oregon engineers have been doing important engineering work, both at the front and in the services of supply.

"The men from various sections of Oregon who went to Camp Lewis and from there overseas have done their full share in the operations of a brilliant combat division. Their part has been a heavy one and in meeting it they have lived up to the finest American traditions.

"The Oregon base hospital formed at Portland, and in which many parts of the state are represented, is located within sound of the artillery, and has been doing splendid work for several months. The other base hospital formed at Eugene, and concerning which you inquire, is a comparatively recent arrival, which I have not seen.

"Hundreds of Oregon men have been utilized in the services of supply for the conduct of training and other vitally important purposes. Several hundred have been similarly utilized in England. Their selection for this duty, while necessarily disappointing to the individuals concerned, reflects great credit upon the excellence of the organizations with which they arrived abroad. It is the intention that in due time all will have their opportunity in combat.

"The losses, so far as Oregon is concerned, and considering the number of men from Oregon, have been amazingly low. In one artillery unit, for example, which has been in



AMERICAN VISITORS' CHATEAU, BEHIND THE BRITISH LINES, RADINGHEM, FRANCE.

every fight of consequence since July, the loss from all causes has been only a fraction of 1 per cent.

"The cheerful and splendid spirit of these men under all circumstances cannot be too strongly emphasized and commended. All are playing men's parts in a manner befitting to men.

"The number of men who have earned commissions from the ranks is high and the number is growing. Furthermore, I do not recall a single officer from Oregon discharged from the American Expeditionary Forces for inefficiency.

"It is not too much to say that Oregon has been represented on every front and in every battle of consequence during the present year. As you doubtless are aware, their valor on the field of battle has led to the mention of the state in the official communique during the present offensive.

"I have seen the units and groups under various conditions, from front-line trenches to base ports, during the past ten months, and can say from personal knowledge of what they have done that Oregon will be thrilled with justifiable pride in the aggregate conduct and achievements of its thousands of soldiers when the details are recorded after the war."

It may be as well to explain that, before the editors were taken to the American front, a broad hint was given that any requests to see individual soldiers, however near or dear, would not be granted. A young Lieutenant who was attached to the party delivered a long lecture on the interference with the conduct of the war made by anxious parents or relatives who came to France and asked to see their sons; and he volunteered the observation that under no circumstances should any father or any mother be permitted to see any son, or any wife her husband, within the American Expeditionary Forces. It may be well to add that several members of the party had different views, and in the discussion that followed there was rather a vigorous presentation of the claims of parenthood even in the time of war. I was fortunate enough to see my son, but it was not due at any appeal of my own that he was given leave to come and see me. As soon as I arrived in London I set what

I thought was the necessary machinery to work to have him meet me in Paris. There were various letters and telegrams and a direct request from one or more high officers of the British Ministry of Information that the sons of the various members of the party who were serving in France be notified and given leave to meet them. So far as I know, no attention was paid by the American command to any of these appeals. My son, learning that I was to be at a certain place at a certain time, himself obtained leave through the favor of his Colonel and came to see me. I am giving this brief account of a personal experience that many fathers and mothers who wonder if the visitor from Oregon in France may not have seen their sons or other relatives will understand the difficulties in the way and why it was not done.

By good fortune I met several soldiers from Oregon and the Northwest. I saw in Paris Major W. E. Finzer, who is now Adjutant for General Harts, commander of the Division of Paris, U. S. Army. He has a most responsible position and is acquitting himself well. I met there Major Fred W. Leadbetter, of the aircraft division, who was in France at that time on special duty. I saw Lieutenant-Colonel James A. Drain, former Adjutant-General of the state of Washington, who is in the tank service. He has expert knowledge as to tanks, their construction and uses, and it has been used to the utmost.

Mrs. Edmond Giltner is an aide in the American Red Cross hospital where I was a patient for a time. She was good enough to come and see me. At Chaumont I met Lieutenant-Colonel White, Captain Dow Walker and Captain Dana Allen, all of Oregon. Colonel White had a plan under way to take me to Contres, which at that time was the headquarters of what was left of the old Third Oregon National Guard Regiment, but I was unable to go. At Base Hospital 46 I saw many Portland doctors and a large number of Oregon nurses. In London I met Lieutenant-Colonel Carl Abrams, who had just been put in charge of four American reconstruction camps in England. It is a most important billet and his assignment was due entirely to the record he had made there in similar work.

I saw in a London hospital Lieutenant John Clark Burgard (son of John H. Burgard, of Portland), who had been wounded while doing gallant service with the Ninety-first Division in Belgium. He was facing with fortitude a contemplated stay in bed of several weeks, but there was no doubt of his ultimate recovery. Lieutenant Burgard sent home through me several mementoes, but he kept the steel trench mirror, given to him by his mother, and worn in his blouse pocket over his heart, that doubtless saved his life by stopping the fragment of a shell. He was hit and laid out by other fragments.

In Paris I ran across Lieutenant Robert Fithian, son of O. H. Fithian, of Portland. He is an aviator and at the time was on his way to England for special service. Later I saw him in London with another aviator. The two young men had just had an assignment to go to a camp at Sussex, where they had been told informally they were to join a bombing expedition on Berlin. I was inclined to credit this account of their proposed adventure to the enthusiasm of youth, but later I had curious confirmation of their statement.

I had an interview with General Sykes, a distinguished British officer, who is at the head of the Royal Flying Corps. After some discussion of air service and its development in the war General Sykes said:

"I am almost ready to say that I am sorry the war is at an end. The greatest things we had planned to do, and would undoubtedly have done, must now be abandoned. For three years we have painstakingly built up a great organization and have done well against the enemy in the air. But we were just about to consummate some things which, I believe, would, in themselves, have startled the world and would have done much to bring the war to an early end. Now they will never be done until we have another war, which God forbid."

"I am told that you were about to bomb Berlin."

"Where did you hear that?"

"From two young aviators."

"Well, I guess they knew what they were talking about. We were just ready to do that very thing."

No one can, of course, regret that the war is at an end.

There is regret, however, that General Sykes did not complete his plans a month or so earlier, so that Berlin might have had a taste of the terrors it has inflicted upon London and Paris and other places through visitation from the skies of enemy fleets.

LONDON, ENGLAND, NOVEMBER 17, 1918.

TWENTIETH LETTER.

HAPPY DAYS WITH THE FRIENDLY AND THRIFTY FRENCH.

THE impressions of a visitor to Paris who has seen Paris silhouetted in fractional part through a hospital window, and has had the French army and the French people interpreted to him from the lips of wounded American soldiers, are necessarily casual and hasty. There was a later journey, to be sure, about town, to get the high-lights of Paris, but for the most part the stay there was an affair of side-lights.

The French soldier is a puzzle to the American man of action. He is voluble, friendly, emotional, sentimental, noisy, courageous, efficient, and withal, in the American view, prudent to the line of dilatoriness. He has learned something — a good deal, indeed — in four years of warfare. He counts the cost, and if he is willing to pay it, he goes ahead; if not, he does not go ahead.

The American blesse, with a shot in his leg or a fragment of shell in his stomach, is likely to have vivid recollections of how it happened and definite notions of how it might have been avoided. He is prone to blame somebody besides himself, though he may have been rash or ignorant, and have "got his" where a more experienced soldier, particularly a "poilu," would have emerged with a whole skin and an unimpaired disposition.

There is testimony to the effect that the American casualties are just twice as high as the average in the allied armies. The present witness heard a British General say so. But, without reflection on the valor or capacity of any allied army, it may well be asked if any of them, without being willing to pay the price the American Army paid, could have got as far as General Pershing's men did, or accomplished as much.

The casualties in the St. Mihiel salient were light, in a movement lasting but little over a day — 6000 or 7000. But in the Argonne drive they were tremendous. There were 500,000 or 700,000 Americans in that magnificent march toward Berlin. It began on September 26, and reached a height of fierce and deadly intensity in the early days of October, diminishing gradually until the capture of Sedan just before the Greatest Day — November 11. It is said that the numbers of killed, wounded and missing in the Argonne will exceed 150,000, perhaps by many thousand. Unquestionably the largest part of American casualties in the war occurred in the Argonne, and most of them were inflicted in the first two weeks. It was largely by machine guns.

The American learned in the Argonne to have a wholesome respect for Fritz and his machine guns, and also for the German sharpshooter. But Fritz did not stop him — never. The way the American boy went ahead in the face of unknown and unnamed terrors, probably to certain death, is both a miracle and a mystery. If you take a given number of men of any nationality, including your American, you may be sure that among them will be some who have a contempt for danger and others who are timid and perhaps afraid of it. The man with steady nerves, not to be shaken by ordinary risks, or even by known perils, is likely to hold back against the untraveled and untried. Yet the universal report is that when the call came to go, all went, and many, very many, never came back.

The American in America, whom you see every day, with his books on his back, bound for school, or driving the plow in the field, or selling neckties in the store, or pounding a bar of steel in the shop, or studying or practicing law or medicine or theology — all alike were transformed into trusted and trustworthy soldiers of a cause, and they acquitted themselves as soldiers. What is it that gave these boys high resolve, a real nobility and exaltation of spirit, a willingness to do and to die? Let anyone answer. It is certain that they had it, and have it now. They are going home soon with their laurels and with a new light in their eyes, a new fire in their souls.

They have done their duty and they know it, and America knows it. They are to give a new impetus to American life and thought, and, possibly, a new direction to American ways.

The American soldier likes the French people, and they like him. He gets along with them quite as well as with the English or the Canadians or the Australians, or perhaps even better. The fact that the latter are members of his own family explains perhaps why he is willing to indulge in the luxury of an occasional row with them.

You will hear at home and you will learn in France that the French are a thrifty lot, and they have not at all abandoned their frugal ways in wartime. There are some stories that they are given to the vice of overcharging. Prices are very high in Paris, and throughout the republic. If the American buys, he must pay the ruling rate, and sometimes a little more. Much depends on how easy or liberal he is. Yet it is also true that the French, particularly the country people, are most hospitable and generous to the Americans. There are countless tales of their remarkable friendliness. They have taken the American boys into their homes and fed them in health and nursed them in sickness. They give them wine, too, and the doughboy takes it and drinks it.

The vin ordinaire is part of the national habit; it is mild and it is refreshing; moreover, it is better than the water, which is uniformly bad throughout France. Wine is the emblem of hospitality; it is never, or rarely, a way to get drunk. Nor do the American boys get drunk on French wine or spirits, not often, at least. They accommodate themselves to the French idea, and drink a little, and quit, and that is all there is to it.

Every French home in the country has a wine closet or cellar. It is just as much a French institution as the manure pile at the front door, placed there doubtless as a visible sign of the exact measure of frugality and prosperity of the tenant within. The other signs are the chickens and the cow or two which are often quartered at night in the same domicile with the family.

It is a mere aside, but it may as well be said here as anywhere that I did not see a pig in Ireland, though I looked

diligently for one from the car window in the ride from Dublin to Belfast and return. There were cattle and sheep, a-plenty, but no pigs.

I have reached the conclusion about the French—or an opinion rather—that if he sells it to you, it is contrary to his nature to sell it cheap, or to refrain from making a fat profit if he can; but he is just as likely to give it to you outright, if you are an American and therefore his friend and ally.

You see in Paris more Americans, and particularly more American soldiers, than in London. There you encounter Canadians and Australians and other colonials by the thousands, not to mention the British. When the Tommy gets his furlough he goes home; when the colonial gets it he goes to London and hangs out on the Strand or other public places, and he is much in evidence. In Paris the moving crowds are colored with the uniforms of French, Italians, Portuguese and the others. The French soldier is partial to red. His idea of great personal magnificence is to wear red trousers and high polished boots, and he does, when on leave, but he learned long ago that the boche has a ready eye for red, and the French changed their service uniform to more somber colors.

The American with his tight-fitting and quite sober suit of khaki is all over Paris. It is said that there is a definite rule in the American Army that there shall be no vacations in Paris. A great resort for rest has been prepared by the Americans at Aix-les-Bains, a watering place, and the convalescent soldier is sent often to the south of France, but not to Paris, except to the hospitals there. It seems to be the notion of the American command that Paris is a little too gay for the young American. It doesn't look very gay.

There is a celebrated place called Maxim's, and a party which went there one night for dinner—quite early—found that the atmosphere was not at all different from that of the average metropolitan restaurant. There was no music, no dancing, and no drunkenness. About all there was to do was to eat and to wait for something to happen, which did not. The reason, perhaps, was that the doors were to be closed at 9 o'clock. The law requires it.

You have trouble, even at Maxim's, getting what a good, healthy American appetite requires. The French have rigid rules for food conservation. You have to have a bread card and a meat card and goodness knows how many other cards. Besides, there is no sugar, unless you bring it; and very little butter, and there isn't, or wasn't, a glass of good, fresh milk to be had in all France, unless you chance to know somebody who owns an accommodating and productive cow. Besides, you are not supposed to ask for milk at Maxim's. You can only admit your error and humbly surrender to the expectation that you ask for wine, whether you drink it or not.

You can get game on a meat card. In Oregon there is an idea that there exists in that remote state a monopoly of pheasants—a supposed distinction so carefully treasured that it is possible to shoot—not to buy—such game for only one month in a single year. In France and in England pheasants and other upland birds are sold in the open market. I saw in one place in a provincial town of England, offered for sale, at least 200 pheasants. It is the same in France. Doubtless they have their game seasons here. If so, I was lucky. The pheasant at Maxim's was exceedingly good.

PARIS, FRANCE, NOVEMBER 3, 1918.

TWENTY-FIRST LETTER.

TROUBLES AND TRIALS OF FOREIGN SPEECH.

YOU can get along first rate in France, anywhere, as a rule, if you speak no French, and if you cannot read it, for there are always Americans and English and in Paris there are numerous Frenchmen, mostly in the shops and hotels, who have a working knowledge of the language. But, on the whole, the French people are as profoundly ignorant of English as the English and Americans are of French.

Great men like Poincare and Clemenceau make you at home by using your native speech; but the suspicion is justified that they are exceptions, even among the literati and statesmen of the republic. You may not expect the poilu to have a vocabulary outside his own expressive and explosive dialect; but you look for something different among the educated classes. You don't find it.

You can imagine the plight of a foreigner traveling in America who is familiar only with his own tongue. It would be much the same in France, with the exceptions noted, if it were not for the presence now of vast numbers of your own kind. Unquestionably, you miss much by your limited lingual equipment. You are in France, but you are not of it. You see it, but you can't hear it, and you can feel it only in a limited way.

The traveler from Oregon was left in a hotel at Amiens while his companions, a British Major, who was on speaking terms with perhaps 100 French words, and an editor who confined his studies of French entirely to menus and wine cards, went to hunt up a motor-car mechanic. The stranger sought to carry on a conversation with the French landlady, employing the few words that he thought remained in his mental treasury from school-book reading

of Fenelon and Racine in the original many years ago. The attempt was a deplorable failure. He wanted milk and toast and eggs, and he asked for a place to lie down, and when he had elbowed his way through a half dozen puzzled but willing attendants to a cold waiting room and found an accommodating lounge, he needed a blanket and a fire. The grate was empty. He pointed persistently to its cold remains and loudly demanded "feu." They seemed a little offended and volubly and unitedly protested that there was nothing doing.

Now there is a great difference in the French pronunciation as well as their definition of "feu" (fire) and "fou" (fool). It did not occur to the wearied stranger until some time afterward that he may have been misunderstood. He got an egg ("oeuf"), but he said "oof" and apparently they thought he was trying to bark, but someone of superior powers of divination finally figured it out. Milk ("lait") was easy; but he didn't get it, for there was none.

The hotel had been all but vacant a long time, and was poorly equipped with provisions. The woman in charge had stayed there alone during the whole period of the German long-range bombardment and threatened invasion; but the population had mostly gone. Amiens was, indeed, for a time in German hands in 1914. The invaders went through on their way to Paris and then they went back and took their stand a little to the east. All around it were the significant and inevitable signs of the war and within were many damaged buildings, including the great Amiens cathedral.

From Doullennes to Amiens — a splendid highway from the north — were hundreds and thousands of German prisoners, making road repairs. They were well enough dressed and evidently well fed. They stopped work invariably to watch the passerby. But the testimony was that they were industrious and tractable. Here and there among them was an officer, who stood solemnly apart and apparently aided in the direction of the men. The British or American or French guard usually sat down by the roadside with his bayoneted gun resting on the ground and pointing heavenward, passing the time as best he could while waiting for the quitting hour. There was no thought that there would be

an outbreak of any kind; and probably there rarely was. Where were the prisoners to go, even if they overpowered the sentinel? A daylight escape in a hostile country, with armed troops everywhere, was out of the question.

Many of the prisoners can speak English, it is said, and others of them French. But it is of no great use to them, except to subject them, immediately after capture, to the severest inquisition as to their knowledge of German equipment, units, stations and the like. Some of them talk readily enough. But many of them, either through amiability or design, tell mainly those things which they think their questioners will be glad to hear.

While the ability of the German prisoner of war to tell what he knows or doesn't know in French to a French officer may not be a desirable accomplishment, it is nevertheless good counsel to learn a little of the language if you are going through the provinces. You go to France, ordinarily, to see France and the French, and not to meet your own people. In England it is, of course, easy to get along anywhere, for most of them speak English you can understand, though I am bound to add that both the Scotch and the Irish do it better.

There was a banquet in London where everyone at table was asked to tell a story. Every American present complied. It is a curious fact that every Englishman, without exception, protested that he could not tell a story, in the American fashion, but he would narrate an anecdote or a personal experience. One guest, a novelist of note both in England and America, said that he knew no humorous tales, and could remember no incident worth repeating and asked to be excused. Anthony Hope came nearer the American method than the others.

"I don't know a story," he said, "but I will tell one that Richard Harding Davis told on me. Davis says I was in New York and I packed my bag and put on my hat and coat and started for the Grand Central Station. I got lost and I thought I would ask a citizen.

"'My friend,' I said to a loiterer with his back to a lamp-post, 'I want to go to Boston.'

"'Well, who in hell's stopping you?'"

A distinguished barrister narrated at length a courtroom incident, introducing in turn the judge, the lawyers, the witnesses and the defendant. It was well done, except that through the peculiarities of English enunciation many of his words were not understood and the tale was entirely lost. It is our habit to criticise the English for their tendency to swallow syllables and entire words. But a study of the phenomenon of English speech leads to the conclusion that it is nearly all a matter of emphasis or inflection. They understand one another perfectly, strange as it may seem. They have the same difficulty with the American enunciation as the American has with the English. Nevertheless, it is perfectly true that the English of the Englishman like Lloyd George or Earl Grey or Lord Balfour is distinct and understandable in every letter and word.

The platform English is the same as the American English; colloquial English is not. The English humor is not necessarily different, for the English have produced the greatest humorists in the world, or some of them, and the finest story-tellers. The editors merely had bad luck at that banquet. The average Englishman is not a raconteur; most Americans are, or try to be.

PARIS, FRANCE, NOVEMBER 4, 1918.

TWENTY-SECOND LETTER.

ULSTER AND HOME RULE IN IRELAND.

AN ATTEMPT has been made by the American editors to study the Irish question on Irish soil. They have made a visit to Belfast, the stronghold of Ulsterism, and they have interviewed representatives of all classes, official and unofficial, capital and labor, employer and employe, and they have heard the cause of free and independent Ireland pleaded by the bellicose generals and captains of Sinn Feinism. The Ulster view will be presented in this letter and the Sinn Fein later.

Broadly, Ulster represents imperial Britain; Sinn Fein is now the voice and arm of militant Ireland. The Ulster movement four years or more ago was a protest against home rule. It was outright secession against the proposed constitutional separation of Ireland. It was threatened war upon England, having as its provocation and basis the proposal that there be political secession from Great Britain. Altogether it was an anomaly, an anachronism.

Just think, for example, of a sovereign state in the American Republic resorting to arms in defiance of a Federal project to exclude it from the Union. Yet Ulster planned to fight the British Empire to preserve its sovereign right to be and remain an integral part of the British Empire.

Ulster is Protestant, and essentially British; while the rest of Ireland is Catholic and intrinsically Irish. It is not intended to say that the controversy is religious or sectarian; but certainly the church furnishes the background of the entire trouble. You will learn in Ireland, from Irish and Catholic witnesses, that the greatest of Irish patriots

have been Protestant; and that the Irish revolution of 1798 had its origin with Protestants.

Unquestionably, many of the supporters of Irish nationalism today are non-Catholics; and others of the supporters of the Empire, foes of separation and home rule, are Catholic. But Ireland, outside of Ulster, is overwhelmingly Catholic, and Ulster is strongly Protestant; and the geographical cleavage is very nearly identical with the sectarian line.

Whether or not it is a coincidence may be matter of opinion. That it is a fact will be, everywhere in Great Britain, conceded. But that the church, as an organization, is responsible for the constant agitation of the Irish question, is not generally charged, I believe, even in Ulster. A reasonable explanation is that it follows, rather than leads, in political affairs. Its faithful adherence to such a policy may be one secret of its powerful hold on the majority of the Irish people.

The case for Ulster is substantially that it has prospered under British laws and British rule, and that it has no confidence in an independent Ireland controlled from Dublin. It is opposed to home rule—unless, indeed, Ulster shall be excluded from its operation—and it is opposed to separation. It wants to be let alone.

Belfast is the most active, populous and prosperous city in the island. It points proudly to the fact that it has five of the greatest industries of their kind in the world—linen, tobacco, rope, shipbuilding, cotton—and that it has three and one-half times more shipping than the rest of Ireland. From the time of the act of Union (1800) until 1891 Belfast had multiplied its population $13\frac{1}{2}$ times—a record without a parallel in the United Kingdom. Ulster claims that it produces 48 per cent of all Irish oats, 41 per cent of potatoes, 53 per cent of fruit, and 99 per cent of flax—and pays in customs and revenue nearly \$25,000,000, or more than twice the remainder of Ireland.

The editors found Belfast a busy place, with many evidences of civic pride and enterprise. They were entertained at luncheon by the corporation, and the usual addresses of welcome, with many cordial expressions of

friendship for America, were made by the Lord Mayor and others.

They visited a great linen manufactory, now almost exclusively engaged in war work, and an immense tobacco factory, where were made cigarettes, and Irish "roll" (chewing tobacco), employing many men and hundreds of women, and the vast shipbuilding concern of Sir George Clarke.

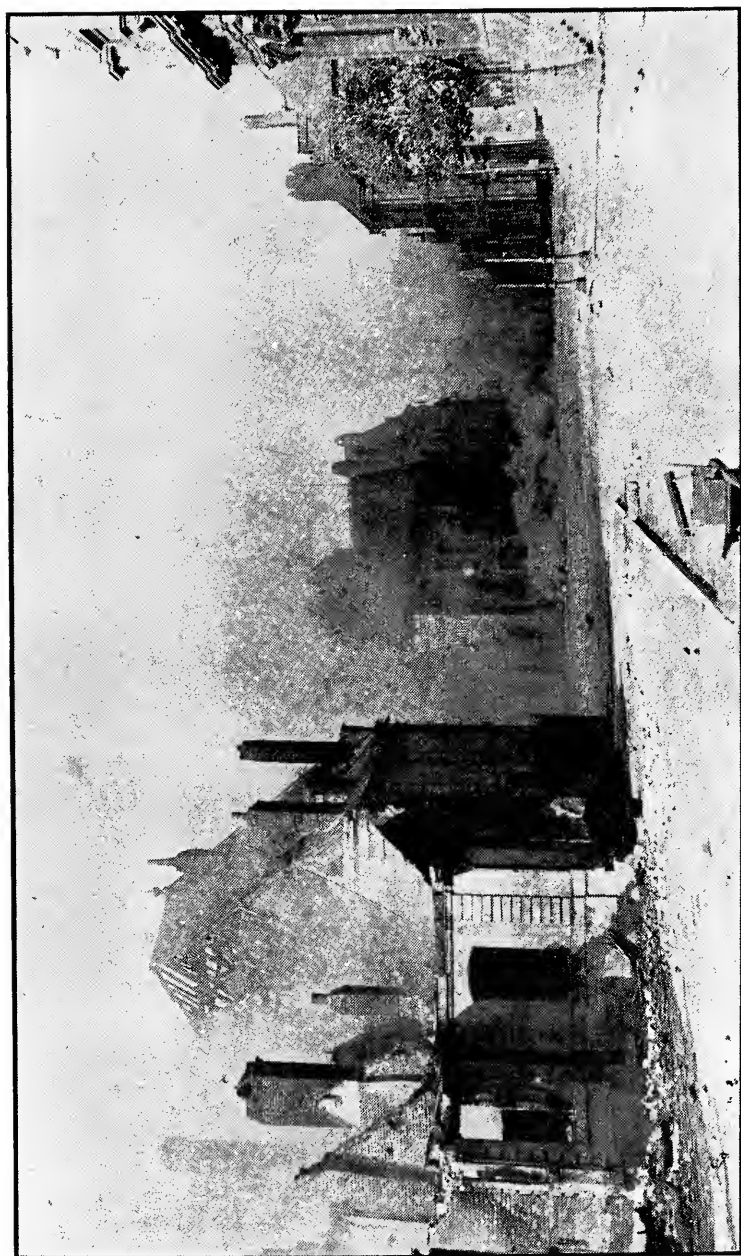
It is not easy for the American to note with unconcern the employment anywhere of young boys and girls in great numbers, at hard labor, and under conditions that do not appear to guarantee either their health or their proper education. In the munition factories of England there are many thousand women. It is unavoidable, and care seems to have been taken to safeguard them in every practicable way. But it is not at all clear that child labor is justifiable, in the ways it is used in Belfast.

At the linen mill young boys were used as the operatives of great machines; and in the tobacco works the majority of the workers were boys and girls—mostly the latter. It is said that none under 14 are employed. There were many who appeared to be not much over that tender age. There were hundreds and even thousands who were too young to be kept out of school, and whose chances of an education, and therefore of a life worth while, were surely greatly hampered by the exacting grind to which they were subjected.

Probably it will be said that they are not required to work every day. Indeed, this was said at Belfast. But many of them unquestionably do; and few of them looked as if they had any opportunity for play or rational recreation of any kind, such as is the right of every child.

Child labor has no place, apparently, in any consideration of the Irish question in Ireland. There is no thought in Dublin, for example, of complaint that Belfast's prosperity is maintained in great part by boy and girl labor; for Dublin itself has made no special progress in helpful and humane service to the younger generation.

Dublin has its slums, and they are no credit to that city. A welfare worker appeared before the editors there, and gave a description of life among the poor in the Irish capital



CAMBRAI, ON THE MORNING OF THE GERMAN RETIREMENT.

that somewhat disturbed them. He wanted their help to get a meager \$5000 out of the imperial government to carry on uplift work among the numerous ignorant boys and young men of Dublin.

Hundreds of them, he said, could not read even the headlines of the papers they sold on the streets.

The present status of home rule in Ireland is that the British Parliament, under the Premiership of Mr. Asquith, passed a bill giving the Irish a certain measure of autonomy, with home legislative bodies, having certain limited powers over taxation. The objections of Ulster were vehement, not to say violent, and it was then arranged to exclude six counties of that province. But it was a settlement which did not settle anything, and finally Lloyd George, not then Premier, to whom had been referred the problem for solution, devised the brilliant project of an Irish convention, which was to determine for itself just what Ireland wanted.

The inauguration of home rule was indefinitely postponed, pending action by the convention, and there was an implied pledge that the government would accept any adjustment the convention was able to make. It was an entirely safe promise, whatever the convention did or failed to do. For it is entirely true that England is sick of the Irish question and will agree to anything that bids fair to get it out of the way.

The convention, in which Ulster, with some reluctance agreed to participate, started out with high expectations. But after eight long months of deliberation and disagreements, it ended fruitlessly. Its chief political result seems to have been to precipitate the Nationalist (Irish) party in hopeless wreck. The leader was the late John Redmond, who was a member of the convention.

It appears to be clear that Mr. Redmond sought earnestly and hopefully to find some way to reconcile all conflicting interests and factions. His temper was so reasonable and his fairness so manifest that an Ulster delegate publicly paid tribute to him, saying:

"I am convinced that he had an honest and genuine intention of holding out the olive branch and submitting such moderate demands as might have justified the Ulster

delegates consulting their constituents regarding them." This was a great concession for any Ulsterite to make.

Mr. Redmond entered into an arrangement with Lord Middleton and his party to promote a plan of Irish autonomy, with a government having control of excise and other sources of revenue, but not of customs. The Ulster delegates had made it plain that under no circumstances and for no consideration would they have anything to do with proposals which involved establishment of an Irish parliament, with plenary authority over customs and excise. Nevertheless, the Redmond-Middleton coalition appeared to be in a majority, and the prospect of an agreement in their proposition was auspicious. But the radicals, under Bishop McDonnell, a very able prelate, got busy during a recess of the convention and converted a minority into a majority by their appeals to the country, and the Redmond-Middleton plan was defeated.

Lord Middleton then joined Bishop McDonnell in a proposal to set up an independent parliament in Ireland, with the single reservation that the question of customs and excise should be held in abeyance till after the war. This was the official action of the convention by a very narrow majority. But, in fact, the delegates departed with thoughts and ideas as fixed and diverse as when they entered; and no one now assumes that the slightest attention will be paid by Parliament to its action.

At the shipbuilding plant of Workman, Clarke & Co., Ltd., a number of workers had been assembled to give the editors their views of home rule, or Irish independence. It was an interesting performance. Each of the men, representing the various unionized trades in the establishment, gave evidence of his implacable opposition to a separate government for Ireland. One of them made a set address, distinguished by a certain rough eloquence, that made a distinct impression on his hearers.

The men declared they were contented with their lot, and had no political grievances which could be adjusted by Dublin. They believed that Irish government meant the death of industry in Belfast, for it would precipitate an era of onerous taxation and special discrimination against

Ulster. Capital would have no recourse but to seek new fields, and what could labor do but move also? Their true allegiance was to Great Britain.

The trades unions to which they belonged were British, and they had benefited much by their policies. If they were to be cut off from them, they were sure they would have far less protection as union men, and therefore in their own interest they desired to maintain the British connection. They proclaimed their complete sympathy with Great Britain in the war, and unhesitatingly said that Ireland elsewhere was not so loyal.

It is given out in Belfast as fact that Ulster has contributed to the British army, during the war, 59,000 recruits, while the combined total of the three other provinces is 51,700. The city of Belfast, with a population of 403,000, has furnished more soldiers than Connaught, Munster and Leinster (excluding Dublin), with 2,066,000 population.

The percentages of males of military age who have enlisted are: Ulster, 33.8; Leinster, 17.7; Munster, 11.7; Connaught, 4.9. In a recent war loan Belfast contributed £25,000,000, or about 25 per cent of the total for Ireland.

It is said that when conscription was abandoned in consequence of the great furore in Ireland, a promise was made that Ireland would furnish at least 50,000 volunteers. But 10,000 was the maximum to be attained.

The other day in Parliament T. P. O'Connor, the veteran home ruler, introduced a resolution that "it is essential that before the British government take any part in any proceeding for the re-settlement of Europe on the conclusion of peace, the Irish question should be settled in accordance with the principles laid down by President Wilson."

A spirited debate ensued, in which all the old ground of England's bad faith with Ireland was surveyed and the demand was made that autonomy be granted. Mr. Asquith, the ex-Premier, supported the proposal, which was strongly opposed by Bonar Law, for the government. Bonar Law openly declared that it was nothing but a bold scheme to exclude Great Britain from the peace conference. Incidentally, he charged John Dillon, the Irish leader, with having boasted that he had taken no part in any recruiting

campaign — an accusation which Mr. Dillon heatedly denied, but Bonar Law refused to recede.

Altogether the debate gave an interesting sidelight on the whole Irish question. On the one hand the government is obviously hopeless about any satisfactory result and does not intend to try to effect it now. Only a day or two since Lloyd George in a public letter supporting further coalition between the liberals and conservatives in the coming election definitely said:

“I can support no settlement of the Irish question which would involve the forcible coercion of Ulster.” So Ulster has won.

On the other hand, the Irish Nationalists, who have been all but leaderless since the death of John Redmond (who is said to have literally broken his heart over his failure in the Irish convention) are discredited at home and most of them have no hope of a re-election. They are fighting for a lost cause and they know it. The Sinn Feiners have the upper hand and the Nationalists will soon no doubt cease to function as a party.

AT SEA, NOVEMBER 20, 1918.

TWENTY-THIRD LETTER.

IRELAND AND SINN FEIN.

THE Sinn Feiners are the dominant political force in Ireland today. It is the newest phase of the ever-changing cycle of public events here. It is a young man's movement, with the fire and indiscretion of youth. It has set aside the old leaders, absorbed their following and embarked boldly upon a course which is designed to lead to absolute separation from the British Empire.

Independence and a distinct national existence is the Sinn Fein goal. There is no disguise about it; nor is there concealment of their scheme of outright rebellion, which is to be the final alternative, if other plans fail. They say that any possible hope of constitutional reform may as well be abandoned, in view of the failure of all parliamentary measures, and they openly flout home rule or colonial government, or any other proposal which would hold Ireland as an integral unit of the British Empire. They are not British, nor Scottish, they say. They are Irish.

Ireland was a distinct race, with the full attribute of nationhood, before England was; and of right they should and must be free. Their chief present reliance for independence, or separation, as it is most commonly called here, is the forthcoming peace conference, which is committed in advance, through acceptance by all nations of the fourteen declarations, to the principle that small peoples have the right of self-determination.

It is the Wilson idea. That is where the Sinn Feiners got it. If the peace conference rejects their pleas—well, they will carry on the war in ways they are not ready to define or divulge. And they will make, as their fathers made before them, so they say, all necessary sacrifices in

life and blood until the great end shall be achieved. What matter a few thousand lives of patriotic and zealous Irishmen now or later?

The visiting American editors saw the Sinn Feiners in Dublin. They had announced in passing through the Irish capital on their way to Belfast that they would return and they would be pleased to hear what the Sinn Feiners and any others might have to say on the Irish question. The leaders of the Sinn Fein were not slow to take advantage of the opportunity. They saw, doubtless, a way to spread their propaganda in America, and to correct what they thought were certain misapprehensions as to their motives, methods and ultimate aims.

A half dozen or more of them came at the appointed time, in a waiting-room at a large Dublin hotel. Not any of them was probably more than 35 years of age. They were collectively an alert-looking, keen-minded and neatly-dressed lot of Irishmen, and individually they were educated, fluent, aggressive and candid. They did not appear to be the stuff of which martyrs are made, though they may be; and they were likewise far removed from the type of low-browed, rough-necked and quarrelsome hooligan that represents the doctrine of force and terrorism which has its exponents in Ireland. They were altogether a presentable group of men who knew exactly what they wanted, and were not afraid to say so, though, as it developed, they were not wholly clear as to how they were going to get it.

The interview began with a statement by one of them, an officer of the Sinn Fein, as to the historic grievances and present wrongs of Ireland. For 700 years Ireland had suffered the abuses and oppressions of England and it still retained its unconquerable soul and it never would consent to be ruled by the tyrant. There was a great deal more like it.

"Let us all agree," said one of the editors, "that everything you say is true about the past and that Ireland has suffered much from English misgovernment. What about the situation today?"

"There is no intrinsic change now in England's position toward Ireland," was the answer. "We are unjustly taxed. We are denied our rights. We have no such thing as free

speech or individual liberty. We are thrown into prison by the hundreds for such trifling misdemeanors as the singing of a song which England does not like. The Irish coast is a fortress and the island is a mere garrison for 200,000 British soldiers. We are denied education for our children. We are, or we have been, the victims of procured famines. We are impoverished and miserable. We have declined in population; for example, from more than 8,000,000 people to a little more than 4,000,000. Our industries languish through discriminations of many kinds. We do not get justice in the courts. Not long since there was a brutal murder in one of our towns. The keeper of a public house had kicked to death an inoffensive woman, with no provocation. He was tried and found guilty and the judge, appointed by the Crown, sentenced him to imprisonment for twelve months, saying that he was a loyal citizen, for he had served the Empire well by zealous service in procuring recruits for the army."

"What is the reason Ireland has given so few soldiers to the British army?"

"Because we are not British. We are not free men. We are slaves or but little better. Why should we fight to make Great Britain strong? Britain went to war to save its skin; why should we help? Let us have our freedom and we can then decide on which side in the war to fight. But how can slaves make a choice?"

"Are you pro-German?"

"We are not. We are pro-Irish."

"Have you not accepted aid from Germany?"

"Yes. But we have taken it as we have had help from America or France, or any outsider. But we have incurred no obligations to Germany that we have not incurred to others who are sympathetic and disposed to lend us a hand."

"Is it not true that there was a plan to land arms at an Irish port through Sir Roger Casement? Was he not in the German pay?"

"Sir Roger was not in the German employ. He was an Irish patriot. He sought assistance against England, our enemy, and for Ireland, and he got it. But unfortunately his plans miscarried and he was arrested and imprisoned,

and later executed. This was in 1916, long before America entered the war. We have had no truck or bargain with Germany since. Though Sir Roger was in British custody, we went ahead with our plans for an uprising. We fought England and all its power and there were many casualties and much loss of life. We have been accused of cowardice. Does that look like cowardice? The rebellion failed and our leaders voluntarily surrendered. Great Britain promptly shot to death eleven of them. One of our party here was among those sentenced to death, but later he was freed. Yet he is under constant surveillance and is liable to arrest and imprisonment or worse at any time. From 400 to 600 Irishmen are now in jail, all of them for political offenses. Yet we will not quit."

"Are you aware of the fact that American sympathy for the cause of Irish freedom has declined as a result of Sinn Feinism and the failure of Ireland to play the part in the war America thinks Ireland should play?"

"If that is so it is due to the lying propaganda of England against Ireland. Lord Northcliffe is behind it all. He has spent more British money in an effort to poison the American mind against Ireland than he has spent in his anti-German propaganda in Germany. An American transport was sunk on the Irish coast and a lot of American soldiers were landed on Irish soil; some of them in a dying condition. It was widely printed throughout America that Ireland had treated them inhospitably, refusing to care for them. Lord Northcliffe did that."

It was suggested that they probably referred to the loss of the *Tuscania* and the landing of many American troops on the north coast of Ireland. The editors all assured the Sinn Feiners that they had seen in no American newspaper any description of the event imputing to Ireland a lack of hospitality or humanity.

"We think America owes us gratitude and support," they continued. "We are rebels against England—so were you. You were successful, but why? Because you had so many Irishmen as soldiers in your revolution. At least half of them were of Irish blood. George Washington said that without them the war for American independence would

have failed. Now, you tell us that we have lost America's sympathy. There are 20,000,000 Irishmen in America, and you will have them to reckon with in case you go back on Ireland. It is inconceivable to us that you can do so. We rely absolutely on President Wilson and America.

"President Wilson is definitely on record for the self-determination of small peoples. We are a small people in precisely the sense that the Jugo-Slavs and the Czecho-Slavs are small peoples. Our distinct racial identity is further emphasized by the fact that Ireland is an island. Geographically, ethnologically, historically, the Irish are a race, a people, a nation."

"What do you expect President Wilson to do for you?"

"We shall appear before the peace conference which stands for the fourteen Wilson articles of peace, including the right of self-definition and self-government, and ask for recognition. How can it be denied? We have come to regard President Wilson as the savior of mankind. How can he refuse to stand by us, unless he is the world's greatest hypocrite?"

"Yet the peace conference may refer your case back to the British Empire. What will be your next step?"

"We shall carry on the fight. Thousands of Irishmen will die, but they are ready; then other thousands. But it will be the same till we get our rights."

"But surely you have a concrete plan of action?"

"Yes, we shall set up a government of our own at Dublin. In the coming parliamentary election we shall elect at least seventy-five out of 102 members of parliament. They will not take their place at Westminster. Vacant seats there will be the silent witnesses of our purpose to have no more to do with the British Empire. These seventy-five members will be the nucleus of a new Irish parliament. Sixty of our candidates are now in jail. But it makes no difference. We shall find ways to get them out."*

"Will you not be satisfied if Great Britain gives you home rule?"

*Note.—The actual results of the parliamentary election (December 14, 1918) showed that the Sinn Fein prediction was accurate. The Nationalist (Irish) party was overwhelmed, and the Sinn Fein elected 73 out of 102 members of Parliament for Ireland. The Sinn Fein members are carrying out their plan of setting up a parliament at Dublin and have declared for Irish independence.

"No. First, she will not give it. Second, we don't want it, and we demand, and will have, our freedom."

"How is it that Irish sentiment has for so many years favored home rule, and not separation? Why the change?"

"There is no change. With Ireland, home rule was merely a means to an end; a step toward the real goal— independence. We have never wanted anything else. We would never have been content with anything else. Parnell and all the real Irish leaders actually aimed at separation and a distinct nationhood. We repudiate any other policy. We repudiate the so-called nationalist leaders who would give us half a loaf. They are done, for we are done with them."

"What are you going to do about Ulster?"

"We believe in majority rule. It is the republican way. Ireland must determine for herself what kind of government she will have. We will take our chances in that kind of a decision. Let Ulster do the same."

"Are you not aware that most Ulster men have signed a covenant that they will never consent to be governed from Dublin?"

"Yes. But that is mainly bluff. What are they to do but accept the government Ireland chooses to give them? They will have no alternative."

"Do you regard Ireland as capable of self-government?"

"Most certainly. The days of Irish freedom from England were Ireland's most prosperous era. We have the resources, we have the men, we will get the money. We want Ireland's taxes spent in Ireland. We want fiscal freedom. We are paying Great Britain in taxes more than £30,000,000 per year. We can administer an Irish government with £11,000,000. We would impose our own tariffs, create our own industries, find our own markets. It is true that England is now our best market. But if England lays a discriminative tariff against us, we shall build a tariff wall against England. Why can't we sell our products to America and all the world?"

"You have only a few million people. How can you expect to maintain yourselves when you are out from under the protection of the British navy?"

"Great Britain is the last remaining autocracy. It must go. British navalism is a menace to the peace of the world. America talks much of the freedom of the seas. Some day you will be called on to bring the British navy to account. We may safely leave all that to you. Ireland will be a small nation, but it is the day when small nations are coming into their own. Look at Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland. Geographically Ireland is twice as large as the next largest small nation. It should have, and will have, commensurate population and wealth."

"Have you thought about Belgium?"

"Yes. But Belgium was in Germany's road. If Belgium had given German troops right of way, there would have been no trouble."

"Is the Sinn Fein a Catholic organization? Is the Catholic Church in any way responsible for the present state of affairs in Ireland?"

"No. Ireland is three-fourths Catholic, and naturally the Sinn Feiners are mostly Catholic, as all other revolutionary movements have been. But it should be remembered that Wolf Tone, the great leader, was a Protestant, and so were most of his associates. Robert Emmet was a Protestant. The division in Ireland today is rather geographical than denominational. Many Protestants outside of Ulster are with us. Most Protestants in Ulster are against us, and doubtless many Catholics. The church follows, rather than leads, the political sentiment that prevails within its environment."

And so the debate ran on for hours. The Sinn Feiners were earnest, enthusiastic and, it may be supposed, sincere. It is not the design here to say that they were visionary, misguided or mistaken; only to reveal what is in their minds. The climax of the day was reached when the question was asked:

"Is a compromise with England not possible?"

"No. England has given us the worst government in the world. But if England gave us the best government in the world, we should still fight for our freedom and independence."

TWENTY-FOURTH LETTER.

LIQUOR CONTROL AND LIQUOR DRINKING IN ENGLAND.

EVERYBODY drinks in Great Britain—drinks liquor—or nearly everybody. There is no potent voice raised for prohibition as in America, but the evils of drink and drunkenness are freely admitted. There are temperance societies and a temperance movement, but temperance means moderation, not abstention.

The war has made necessary certain reforms and they have been drastic and effective in a great measure. Probably there will be no return to the old free and easy conditions of 1914 and before, but it is perfectly certain that the workman is not to be deprived of his beer, or of his spirits, if he wants them, nor the middle and upper classes of their wines.

The average production of liquor of all kinds in Great Britain is 50 per cent less than in peace times. There are two reasons—food conservation and legal restriction of consumption, the latter made necessary by excessive drinking among munitions and other war workers, with bad consequences upon war work. But the authorities did not set about to stop drinking, only drunkenness. It is said that Lloyd George at one time seriously considered prohibition for war time and even threatened it, but he was dissuaded by various considerations, among them being the enormous financial investment in the liquor trade. The Scotch bankers, for example, are large lenders to the makers of whisky. If their security was to be rendered valueless, their ability to aid in financing the war would be greatly impaired.

When the war began the public houses were permitted to remain open from seventeen to eighteen hours per day throughout the kingdom. Now they are cut down to five

and a half hours everywhere — two and a half hours in mid-day and three hours at night. Spirits purchased for consumption off the premises must be bought in the daylight period, excluding Saturdays.

The practice of treating is prohibited. Anti-treating laws in America are more or less of a joke and are never quite effective, but in Great Britain law observance is a national habit. If there is an anti-treating ordinance there is very little thought of disobeying it.

The sale of drink on credit is prohibited.

The practice of giving the "long pull" is forbidden. The "long pull" means a bigger drink for the same money, or less money, than one's competitor gives. It was a very common practice. Now uniformity of measure is required. The patron of a "pub" cannot get drunk with greater facility or dispatch in one place than in another.

Compulsory dilution of spirits is provided for. Now the drinker has set before him the same quantity, but it has less alcoholic content. He must drink more to get results; but he is not encouraged to do it. Indeed, he is distinctly discouraged.

The results of all these restrictive and preventive measures have been remarkable. It is said that in the year 1913 there were on an average 3482 weekly convictions for drunkenness. For the first six months in 1918 this total had been reduced to 615.

In 1913 there were 511 cases of delirium tremens; in 1917 there were but ninety-nine.

In 1913 there were 2426 cases of attempted suicide, due to alcoholism; in 1917 there were 935.

In 1913 there were 1831 deaths from alcoholism; in 1917 there were 580.

In 1913 there were 1226 cases of suffocation of infants; in 1917 there were 704.

The Central Liquor Control Board, in making its report to Parliament for 1918, quotes the following statement by the London Commissioner of Police:

"During the past year (1917) as the police have not slackened in vigilance, and as, moreover, inquiries independently made demonstrate that the decrease in drunk-

eness is actual, and not merely statistical, some explanation for it seems required. The experienced superintendents who are in charge of the 21 divisions making up the police district attribute the decrease of 75 per cent in the statistics of drunkenness in their areas to the operation of a variety of causes, viz: the working of the Liquor Central Control Board's orders with respect to restricted hours of sale, treating, and their restrictions on the sale of spirits, the diminution in alcoholic strength of those beverages, and also their greater cost to the consumer."

The high cost of liquor, particularly ardent spirits, everywhere in Europe, has doubtless been one great cause of its smaller use. Whisky has gone up three or four times in price and wines hardly less, in England and on the continent. A returning soldier says that he bought a bottle of Scotch whisky in Italy—for a friend—and it cost him \$12. The friend evidently was in great distress.

The average cost per quart of the same delectable beverage in England and Scotland is said to be from \$5 to \$8. Thus the higher cost of intoxication is undoubtedly no small factor in the growth of temperance here.

The government, though it made rules as to the manufacture and sale of liquor for universal application, carried its experiments to greater lengths in certain areas, such as Carlisle and Gretna Green, where there are great munitions plants. Carlisle is a considerable city in the north of England, and the adjacent war-work factory at Gretna is across the boundary line in Scotland. This is the same Gretna of romance that made marriage easy, and at the same time perfectly legal, for runaway couples that did not want to be delayed by the dilatory methods of the English law.

The existence of one kind of liquor law in Scotland and another in England probably led to the decision to take over entirely the whole liquor supply problem in the Carlisle-Gretna area. It was easy enough to make new rules for Gretna, where the whole establishment was, from the beginning, in the government's hands, but not so easy at Carlisle, where there were numerous public houses, all eager to sell to the many thousand workers who had come to work in munitions. The situation shortly became a scandal, and

got wholly beyond public management. It was decided to assume direct control of all liquor establishments in Carlisle—wholesale, retail, manufacturing, distribution—everything. In other words, the government determined to go into the liquor business at this one place. There were 119 licenses for public houses, and they were taken over by negotiation and purchase, and were reduced to sixty-nine. It will be noted that the vested interest of the licensee in his property was respected, and he was not shut up outright. In many instances the “pub” proprietor was made the agent of the government, and put in charge of his old place.

There were four breweries. All were purchased, and two were closed up and the premises let for other purposes. One is used as a center for bottling beer, taking over the work of twelve small plants; and the fourth is continued in operation, making all the beer required by the city. Similarly the business of wine and spirit merchants (jobbers) was taken over, and there was created one large establishment, with an up-to-date building, equipped with the latest plant for reducing, blending and bottling spirits. The work done here represents the operations of thirteen small places in private hands.

The “pubs” at Carlisle already were under the new general restrictions of the government. Sunday closing had been put into effect. Now it was decided to prohibit the sale of spirits for “on” consumption (“off” sales being already forbidden) on Saturdays. This means that only beer and malt liquors could be bought on that day, for consumption on or off the premises. Special provisions were made in regard to the sale of intoxicants to persons under 18, so that no spirits can be supplied in such cases and only beer if sold with a meal. Note that boys and girls under 18 are permitted, even in renovated and purified Carlisle, to frequent government-owned and operated “pubs,” to eat there, and to drink, too. Grocers’ licenses—the holding of a license to sell intoxicants in premises mainly or partly maintained as a grocer’s shop—were withdrawn.

Advertisements regarding the sale of alcohol were suppressed. Special provision was made for the sale of food

and non-alcoholic drinks in licensed premises, and a bonus given on such sales.

A most interesting and radical feature of the board's policy was the establishment and maintenance of food taverns. Seven such places are provided. It was felt that in different parts of the city such facilities should exist as would enable the public to obtain a properly cooked meal at a reasonable price. The taverns are largely patronized, some of them by both sexes, and they are clean, neat, well arranged and well conducted. They provide a resort for the working man, and they have doubtless had a great influence in inducing him to do less drinking, by the simple and easy experiment of encouraging him to do more eating. It is a curious experience to go into such a place and find it conducted entirely by a woman, who had formerly held the license, and to see the barmaids serving customers at the bar. The use of barmaids in the rougher part of the city, however, has been dispensed with.

All these are very great reforms, when we consider how slow the Englishman is to change his ways, and how rooted is his conviction that his method of living and doing is his own business. The idea of personal and individual liberty is the growth and development of a thousand years of English freedom. Even now, for example, or lately and all through the war, the socialists and anarchists were permitted to have their say in Hyde Park. If a man opposes the war, he is at liberty to say so. If a citizen chooses to drink himself to death, it is hard for the Englishman to regard it as anyone's business but the drunkard's, and a drunkard, if an Englishman, has certain inalienable rights which other Englishmen should not disturb. And it is dawning on the English consciousness—the war did it—that drinking and intoxication vitally concern the public, for they are matters of public and not exclusively of individual morals, and they have to do with the welfare of society. It is a far cry yet to prohibition, but in view of the many changes of the last four years, who can tell what will happen in Great Britain in the next generation?

TWENTY-FIFTH LETTER.

ARMISTICE DAY IN LONDON.

THE editors got back from their Irish trip in time to see how London received the news of the armistice. They had had a rough encounter with the Irish sea—two encounters, indeed, one going and one coming back. It lived up to its tradition as an unruly, restless and troublesome teapot ocean.

Three times, in all, the editors have compassed its waters, and in each instance they found the Irish sea in an ugly mood. The packet on which they went from Holyhead to Dublin had its nose under the billows half the time, and the same little vessel on its return performed amazing stunts in riding alternately on one ear and then on the other, rolling and wallowing in the angry waves in ways quite disconcerting. It was a positive relief to put one's feet again on dry land, in the comparative security, if not quiet, of a London crowd celebrating victory after four long years, and more, of war.*

The news of the signing of the armistice was given out by Premier Lloyd George to the papers a little before 11 o'clock on Monday, November 11. Up to that time London had preserved its usual phlegmatic calm. The successive announcements, in the closing days of the war, that Turkey had succumbed, that Austria had sent up the white flag, that the Kaiser had abdicated, and finally that Germany had sent its representatives to General Foch to arrange for a suspension of hostilities—all failed to disturb the Londoner in the pursuit of his established and historic routine. Apparently everything was coming out as England expected, and there was nothing to do but await events. The crash of empires and the fall of dynasties were the mere incidents of an arranged schedule.

*Note.—I desire to do no injustice even to the Irish Sea, which is no friend of mine, nor anyone. The fourth trip—on the return to America—found it perfectly calm. Even the Irish Sea can behave itself, and sometimes does.

The armistice was signed at 5 o'clock in the morning. The news accounts here have it that New York and Washington got word of the great consummation at 3 o'clock A. M., and promptly proceeded to celebrate; and doubtless the Pacific Coast was favored with the same happy information sometime about midnight, or shortly thereafter. Making due allowance for all differences in time, London and England should have been notified of the result early in the day, immediately after the signing of the document. But the London evening papers are poor contraptions, and they have a way here of awaiting official announcements. It isn't news until the King, or the Premier, or some other great man has said it or done it. Or perhaps the censor was still on the job. In any event, the method of communicating to the public the great fact that Germany had officially acknowledged that it had lost was through Lloyd George.

The day was threatening and misty—a very poor time for a public celebration of any kind. Then a lorry came lumbering up the Strand firing anti-aircraft guns. The significance of the exploit was not at first clearly understood. Some thought it was a final German air raid.

But at last it dawned on the London mind that the war was over; and the impossible happened. London cast all reserve to the winds and let itself loose in a spontaneous and mighty demonstration. It was mainly a thing of moving and joyous crowds, going somewhere, anywhere, and making a noise—not a din after the American fashion, but yet a fairly noisy noise, all quite seemly, disciplined and respectable.

London is not yet thoroughly up in the art of getting the most out of a tin horn or a cow-bell. But the crowds—the crowds were enormous, and they were everywhere. It is said that London has 7,000,000 people. It must be an underestimate. Far more than that number apparently assembled at Trafalgar Square and before Buckingham Palace, and marched in platoons or companies or irregular regimental formations up and down the Strand. Or perhaps it was the same millions going in turn to all these common meeting places.

The crowd before the palace wanted to see and hear the King and Queen. That royal lady has a very large place in the calculations of the English people. "We want King George!" cried the people. The thoughts of more than one American went back to memorable and unexampled scenes in Chicago in 1912, when uproarious throngs insistently proclaimed "We want Roosevelt!"

There the very air was tense with the electric fervor of irrepressible feeling loudly and vehemently expressed. Here, where they have King George, and evidently intend to keep him, there was no emotional outburst, no passionate outcry, no mob frenzy, merely the more or less formal call of a disciplined people to see their King, doubtless because they reasoned among themselves, in good English style, that it was the correct procedure in the circumstances. There is no denying the popularity of the King, however. If they were to hold an election for King in England tomorrow, the incumbent would distance all others at the polls.

At a quarter to 11 there were no signs of special commotion before the palace. A few idlers had gathered to watch the ceremony of changing the guard. The only flag in sight was the royal standard. At 11 o'clock, precisely, a typewritten copy of the Premier's announcement that hostilities had ceased was hung outside the railings and then the maroons exploded.

The crowds began to gather, coming from all directions like bees in a swarm. Many had flags. Men on horseback came from somewhere and reined up before the palace. Taxicabs and motor cars came along and people who wanted to see better began to climb on the roofs. Within a few minutes many thousands had assembled and they began to call for the King.

At 11:15 King George, in the uniform of an Admiral, appeared on the balcony. The Queen, bareheaded and wearing a fur coat, was with him. The Duke of Connaught came too, and the Princess Mary. The soldiers presented arms and the Irish Guards' band played the national anthem and the crowd solemnly took up the slow refrain. Then the band played "Rule Britannia." The people sang again and flags began to wave. They were nearly all British flags. The

King removed his cap and his loyal subjects cheered, and someone proposed a groan for the Kaiser, which was given sonorously, and the ruler of Great Britain and all the Indies donned his cap and the royal group went back into the palace.

The throngs, pleased and decorously animated, moved away, but their places were taken by other thousands, and the whole performance was repeated. At one of his appearances the King was graciously inspired to make a speech. It consisted of only a sentence or two, but it was all right and the people applauded rapturously.

Later, the King decided to drive through the city. He was accompanied by the Queen and the Princess Mary. Rain was falling, but nobody in England minds rain. It was a triumphal procession. Everywhere at central points had gathered many thousands to welcome their majesties. One mighty group was at Victoria Memorial; another at Admiralty Arch; another at Ludgate Circus; and still another at Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor, in his official robes of black and gold, was on hand to receive the royal pair.

The streets were encompassed all the way by many people. Here and there was a police officer, but the police had no difficulty with the crowds. There was no special or unusual guard for the King and Queen, only a few outriders. They have no fear, evidently, in England, that anything untoward will happen to the Crown, through the act of a madman, or the deliberate deed of a regicide. A policeman's baton is enough. The English respect authority and obey it.

On the succeeding day it was announced that the King and Queen would attend a thanksgiving service at St. Paul's Cathedral. The street scenes of the previous day were repeated during the progress of the royal couple to the magnificent center of worship. It is a noble and wonderful shrine, with a fit setting for occasions of vast importance. Great bells rang and a mighty concourse gathered, and a solemn and beautiful ceremony was conducted in commemoration of the triumph of the allied cause. The climax of the peace celebration was of course reached in the movements

of the King and Queen; but these were merely the outstanding events. It is a fact, however, that it was everybody's affair, and he took his own way to show his joy that the end of the long and weary road had been reached at last.

The Strand, ending in Trafalgar Square, the heart of London, is the most popular thoroughfare in the city. It attracts the visiting soldiers, and the soldiers make up a great part of the ordinary moving crowds. The Strand is about as wide as Washington street, and it may easily become congested. But somehow the people get along and the traffic proceeds and nothing much ever happens.

When the joy-making began, the crowds took possession not only of the Strand, but of all available vehicles. A favorite adventure of men and women was to commandeer a taxicab and to pile in and on anywhere, preferably on top. One car, with a prescribed capacity for four, had exactly twenty-seven persons sardined in its not-too-ample proportions. Then there were lorries—automobile trucks—crowded with soldiers, civilians and girls, all waving flags and singing or shouting.

Soldiers formed in procession and marched along. After a while they turned about and went the other way. Girls in uniform—munitions workers—appeared in large numbers, and walked along, arm-in-arm with the men in khaki. Flags were plentiful, mostly British, with a fair proportion of American, French and Belgian. But the unvarnished truth is that Britain was celebrating a British victory. Well, why not? They were polite enough to make reasonable concessions to their allies—whenever they thought of it.

A group of Americans standing on the walk, somewhat uncertainly displaying American flags, were frequently cheered by the passing revelers. Once a lot of Canadians came in sight, and some of them broke from their fellows, and came over and asked the Americans for the flags, which were promptly given them.

At another time, a great lorry with perhaps 50 passengers aboard, stopped in front of an American with a bandaged head, waving Old Glory, and gave him three rousing cheers. They thought, doubtless that he was a hero of the war, with a wound honorably won in battle. He did not un-

deceive them. The day went on with no diminution of the crowds or moderation of the excitement. Apparently it increased rather than diminished. Business was wholly suspended, except in the restaurants and hotels, and the metropolis gave itself up to merry-making. Yet it was mainly an unorganized, though orderly, spectacle of movement, without any great variety of stunts or picturesque incidents. Perhaps the crowd did not know how to do things as they do in America; or perhaps it was merely content to go and go and go — and then come back.

There was little drinking or drunkenness, apparently, in the streets, though there was plenty, and to spare, later in the great hotels. Possibly the crowd was sober because intoxication costs money nowadays in England; or perhaps it was not in the humor to drink. But the gay assemblies within the walls of the restaurants had no such scruples. There was much drinking, much noise, much laxity, a complete departure from the innocent gayety of the streets.

The celebration did not end on Monday night. But it started up again on Tuesday and continued through the week. When London celebrates it celebrates. There is no question about it. Occasionally the crowd broke bounds. At Piccadilly Circus there was a great bonfire made up of big signboards taken by force from passing omnibuses. The same thing occurred at Trafalgar Square, where the effort to subdue the flames by water from a firemen's hose led to cracking the stones at the foundation of the Nelson monument, making a serious disfigurement of that splendid column. But such scenes were rare.

London had not sobered down, or up, when the editors left, on a Friday. It was said that Saturday night would probably see the culmination of an entire week's festivities in a great saturnalia in which the whole population would join.

It is pleasant to contemplate the comparative calm of a voyage at sea, even in Winter time, when storms abound, but submarines do not.

TWENTY-SIXTH LETTER

SEEING THE SIGHTS FROM A TAXI WINDOW.

THE American editorial pilgrims are back in London and are making their plans to go home. They were brought to England to see the English, and not England, and the Scotch and the Irish, and were taken to France to see the French, and not France, and down to the American front to see what the American Army had done and was doing.

And, of course, they were to learn all about the war. They leave with comfortable reflections about their share in the adventure. They have seen many English, and some Scotch, and a few Irish, both at war and at peace; and they have had a great experience in France, which includes Paris.

Some of the journalists had an opportunity for a little sightseeing, but not much. To the few who had not before been abroad it was something of a disappointment that a hundred historic scenes, focal points of modern progress, must remain unvisited.

For example, the editorial procession bisected the battle field of Agincourt at a speed of 35 miles an hour. There was a wave of the hand by the military escort in the direction of a wide expanse of rolling country and of a monument obscured by trees; and that was enough for Agincourt. The memorable past was blithely ignored; only the terrible present was of moment.

One visitor had a chance of an afternoon to take a run about the French capital. He compassed in two or three short hours the stately Tuileries, the Champs Elysses, the Place de la Concorde, Notre Dame Cathedral, the Arch of Triumph, the River Seine and the tomb of Napoleon.

He has only an observation or two to make about his rapid-fire glimpse of Paris from the window of a taxicab.

The Paris of parks and boulevards and buildings and bridges and palaces is a city of meticulous order and orthodox loveliness, just as some other cities are; but the Paris of art and history and literature and music and imagination, interpreted through its monuments and cathedrals and opera houses and public memorials and festal centers, is the Paris of one's dreams.

The arch in various forms was the product of primitive artistry, at times beautiful and even noble; and the architects of Greece and Rome vied with one another in their conception of symmetrical monuments to be erected for the pride of statesmen and glory of conquerors.

But if there was a grandeur that was Rome and a glory that was Greece, there is a magnificence that is Paris and it is expressed in the Arch of Triumph and the tomb of Napoleon. Magnificence is the right word. None other will do; no other is needed.

London is a conglomeration, a metropolitan jumble and scatteration. It is more curious and confusing than Paris, and to some persons far more interesting. Perhaps it is because it has more things than Paris to show that have a bearing on the beginnings of America; or perhaps it is because you have to hunt them up.

To be sure, there is Trafalgar Square, and you cannot avoid it, no matter where you are trying to go; and there is St. Paul's Cathedral, which is as impressive and awesome from the inside as it is conventional and elegant from the outside. But you have to look about quite a while to find Smithfield Church.

A party of four that had spent several luminous hours in St. Paul's concluded that it would add to the pleasures of the day if the exact site of the burning by a zealot English Queen of several hundred of her offending heretic countrymen, only a few hundred years ago, was to be visited. They were sent in one direction, and they saw a church, which did not look altogether historic or mystic, and they concluded to ask a policeman. They did.

"Smithfield Church?" he mused. "Oh, yes, it's around here somewhere; but that ain't it."

"What's the name of the church yonder?"

The bobby looked a little blank and ashamed. "Well, now, I've been walking about that church day and night for 21 years and I cawn't think of its name. I don't believe it's got a name."

The sightseers veered off, and found another policeman who said Smithfield was on his beat and he would show them the old church and the precise spot where the unhappy martyrs were incinerated and where Wat Tyler was stabbed and where the cattle were sold, and so on. But meantime wouldn't the American gentlemen like to see where the first bomb thrown by the 'Uns hit London?

Waving aside any natural curiosity as to how a mere policeman showed real qualities as a great detective and spotted them as Americans and allies, the spokesman of the travelers said they would like to see all those self-same spots, identical or approximate. They saw them all. They saw the remains of a building blown down and they heard the history of the bombing event with its loss of several lives.

The obliging officer took them on to Smithfield, where they spent a profitable and enjoyable hour exploring the crypts and choirs and cloisters of the old church, and saw the graves and the vault (profaned for a long time by its use as a wine cellar) and heard the interesting story of the effort to restore the crumbling edifice. Then, after a casual inspection of the market, they wandered back to the Strand by way of Old Bailey, and the old execution triangle, where the British public through long years saw, and presumably profited by, many a hanging. There is no Old Bailey now; it is a new Bailey; and they hang them inside, away from the feasting gaze of the crowds.

Westminster Abbey has a mighty attraction for tourists. You are surprised here, as at St. Paul's, to note the many memorials to the sea heroes of the empire; but when you reflect that the history of its maritime power is the history of Great Britain you understand it all.

In America we have a few outstanding naval figures, such as John Paul Jones, Perry, Lawrence and Farragut; but England has its hundreds. The greatest monument in London is erected to Lord Nelson, in Trafalgar Square,

named for his greatest battle; and throughout the kingdom you are constantly running across bronze or marble images either of Nelson or Wellington. They serve to show that the empire is not ungrateful, and to keep alive the seeds of patriotism and ambition in growing generations. No nation can or will endure, or should, that forgets its greatest citizens, whether soldier or sailor or statesman or philanthropist or scientist.

It gives one an unpleasant sensation to walk over faces of the illustrious dead, as at Westminster. Charles James Fox, for example, has a grave in one great corridor and thousands daily tramp over him and are beginning to efface by their hastening feet the written record of his birth and life and death. But they have treated Major Andre better. He has a tablet in a secure place in a wall erected by his grateful King, George III, who was no friend of America. His royal descendant of the present day is a friend of America, without a doubt. No American can object to a memorial to Major Andre. He died for his country, just as bravely and truly as Nathan Hale died for his.

You cannot see much of Westminster in fifteen minutes; but it is something to have seen it, even if it merely revives for the moment ancient prejudices. There in Westminster is both the dead body of the old England and the living soul of the new England. You must admire and praise a people who do such things.

The British Museum is worth many days of inspection. But there was no time. The man from Oregon, who had fallen in with a bookseller that agreed to show him the London of Dickens and Thackeray, but didn't, through no fault of his own, wanted to see the two greatest relics, Magna Charta and the Rosetta Stone.

The first was gone, and in place of the second was a replica. They had been removed to places of safety during the war.

The Tower of London was also more carefully guarded than usual; but they still permit you to gaze at the empty and forlorn cell where they kept Sir Walter Raleigh before they cut off his noble head, and they have no fear, either, that the Germans will steal the little graveled plot where

they executed the Scottish Mary and the English Lady Jane Gray, and sundry other queenly ladies and princely gentlemen who were in somebody's road to the throne.

They have got far beyond any desire in England now to behead any English King or Queen or pretender. They reserve that unenviable distinction only for the Emperor made and unmade in Germany.

The touring editors returned from Ireland the day of the armistice and have been in London during the whirling events of the British peace celebration. One night there was a large reception and dinner at the Savoy, by the British newspaper conference. Lord Burnham, publisher, owner and editor of the London Telegraph, presided, and Lord Balfour and other men of distinction were there, and some of them spoke.

The London papers gave elaborate accounts of the affair and quoted quite fully all the English had to say to the Americans, but rather overlooked what the Americans had to say to the English. But it was all right. It's the English way. If he's a Lord and Englishman, and he says or does anything in public, it is important and it is the solemn duty of every well-regulated British newspaper to report it all. Probably they assumed, too, that if the Americans wanted their speeches printed, they could do it in their own papers.

There was another large dinner, again given by Lord Burnham, and a luncheon by Mrs. Humphry Ward, a famous and wonderful woman, widely known and admired in America. It is perhaps worth while to give a list of the British guests:

Mrs. Humphry Ward, in the chair; The Duchess of Atholl, The Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Sandhurst, life controller of King's household; Lady Ampthill, head of Red Cross; Hon. Mrs. A. Lyttleton, Mrs. Randall Davidson, wife of Archbishop Canterbury; Dame Katherine Firze, W. R. E. N. S.; Mrs. Burleigh Leach, W. A. A. C.; Miss Lillian Barker, Woolwich; Miss Tuke, Bedford College; Miss Plumer, General Sir Herbert Plumer; Mrs. Holland, matron St. Dunstan's.

There was a dinner by Lieutenant-General Smuts, the Boer, who has had a great part in the conduct of the war

by Great Britain. He told why he, a former foe of the English, was now a soldier for Great Britain; and he told it eloquently and convincingly. It was one of the notable events of the editorial tour, for it served to show the way the British Empire has been created and is being held together by its absorption and utilization of voices and forces that needed only understanding to be friendly.

The visit is ended and a summary of its results may be made briefly. The editors have seen many things, and other things they have not seen, through lack of time and opportunity. But the headlands observed by them stand out in a great sea of impressions in about the following order:

First—The British fleet and the British merchant marine.

Second—The vast extent of the British war organization at home.

Third—The British war front and the dreadful effects of four years' intensive and bloody fighting.

Fourth—The calm of the French under long and terrible stress.

Fifth—The unity of the French in the one great design in winning the war.

Sixth—The friendliness of the French toward America and Americans.

Seventh—The few outward signs of mourning in England, after great losses in nearly every family, and the many outward signs of mourning in France, but with no one talking of his sorrows.

Eighth—The great part America has played in the war and the general recognition of it.

Ninth—The common desire both in Great Britain and France to have a complete understanding with America—if not a league—for the furtherance of common aims and common ideals.

Tenth—The high acclaim of President Wilson as the leader of America in the war and as the voice and interpreter of the sacred cause of right and justice and equality and democracy for all the allies.

Eleventh — The difficulties of the Irish situation and the growing irritation both in England and Ireland over it.

Twelfth — The complete loyalty of the Scotch and the colonies to the empire.

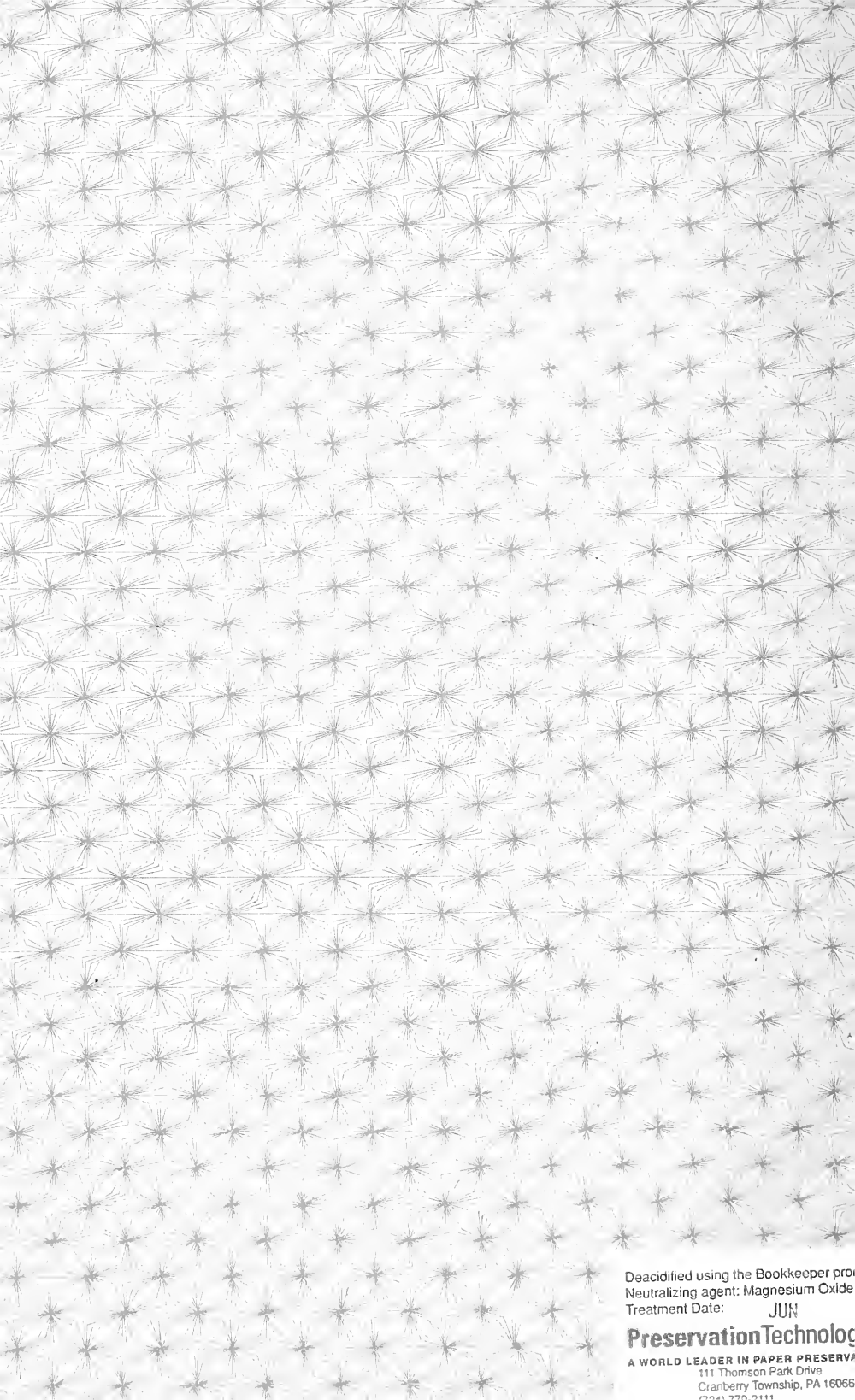
Thirteenth — The astounding development of aviation.

Fourteenth — The large employment of women in industry in England and the acceptance of the British of their right to the suffrage.

Fifteenth — The (a) naval leadership of Great Britain in the war; the (b) military leadership of France; the (c) political leadership of America.

LONDON, ENGLAND, NOVEMBER 16, 1918.

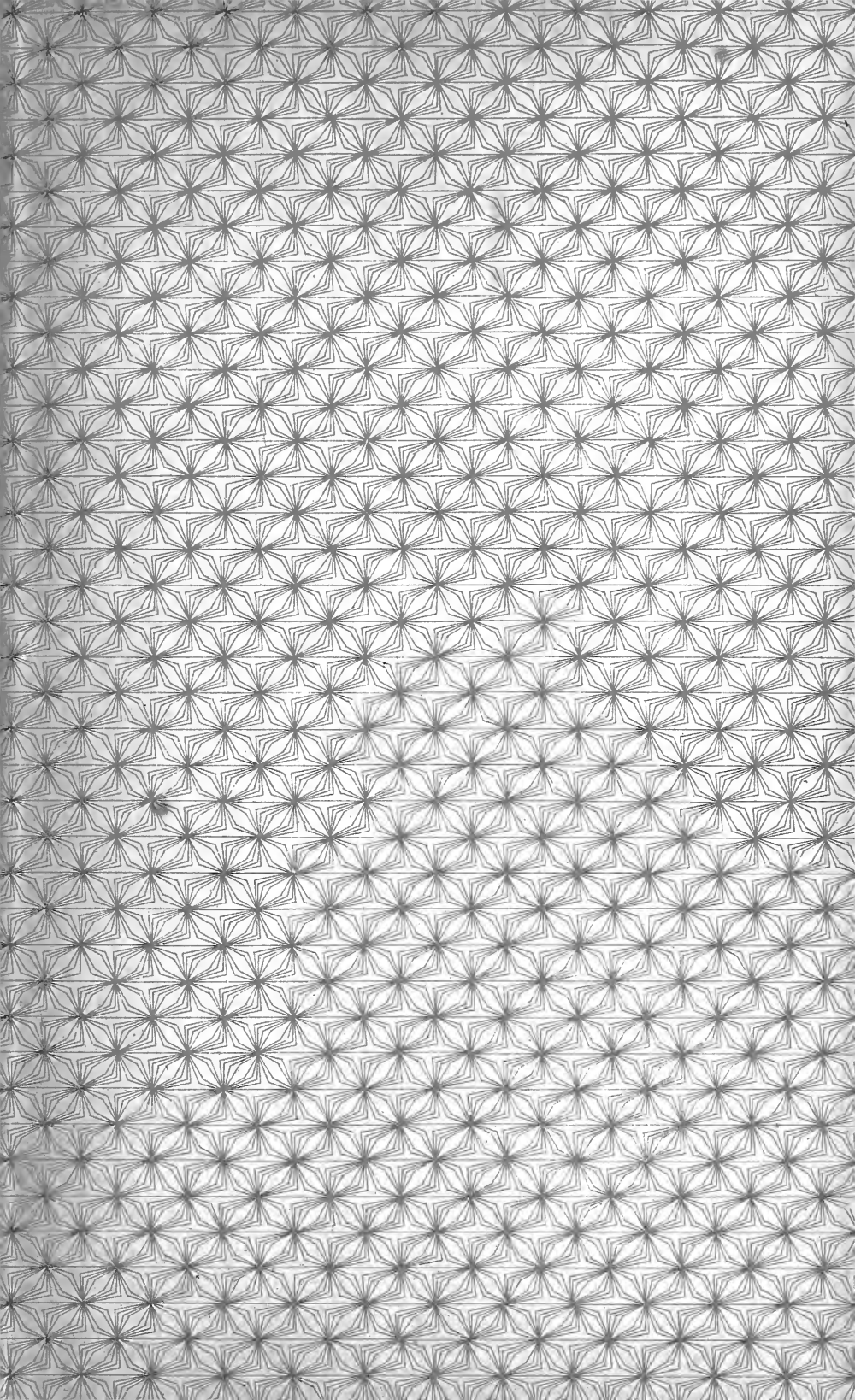




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